

JANUARY

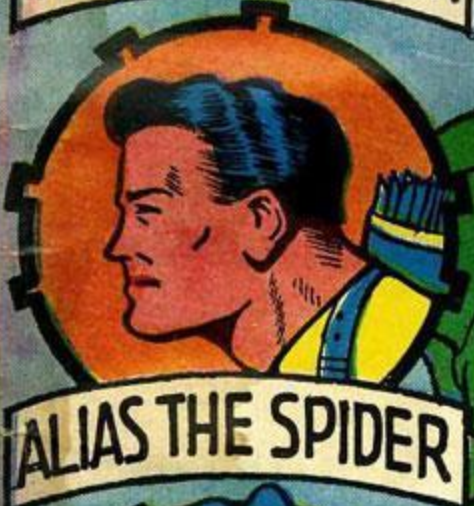
No. 9

10¢

CRACK COMICS

QUALITY
COMIC
GROUP

ANOTHER SENSATIONAL
EPISODE OF
THE CLOCK IN
THIS
ISSUE





WEB COMIC
UNIVERSE.COM

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10¢

CRACK

COMICS

ANOTHER SENSATIONAL
EPISODE OF
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B rings 'em running from all directions
—the Bike that's first in boys' affections!



Dad and Mom spring a real surprise!
Give Son the bike that draws all eyes.



Soon the gang has heard the clamor,
Comes, wide-eyed, to shout and stammer.



Lucky boy shows its speed and grace.
Makes you happy, to watch his face!



Gang disperses . . . show is through.
"Pop—can't I have a Schwinn Bike too?"



See this streamlined beauty! One of 34 American
and foreign-type models. Dozens of beautiful colors.



SCHWINN BICYCLES
GUARANTEED FOR LIFE ★

GIVE your youngster a Schwinn-Built bicycle this Christmas, and the whole neighborhood's in on it! These famous bicycles are *beautiful*. Strong and graceful as a whippet! And every boy who sees all Schwinn's exclusive features . . . who tries that Spring Fork smoothness, that Fore Wheel Brake's safety . . . is going to beg for one of his own.

He should get it! There's no fun like riding—no bicycle like Schwinn. The *only* bicycle with a written *life-time guarantee* for every one of the 34 models. Schwinn-Built bicycles have 60 years of building experience behind them. Send today for illustrated booklet. Then see these bicycles at your dealer's . . . **Arnold, Schwinn & Company, 1733 North Kildare Avenue, Chicago.**

ARNOLD, SCHWINN & CO., 1733 N. Kildare Ave., Chicago, Ill
Please send me your free booklet about Schwinn Built bicycles.

Name

Street

City

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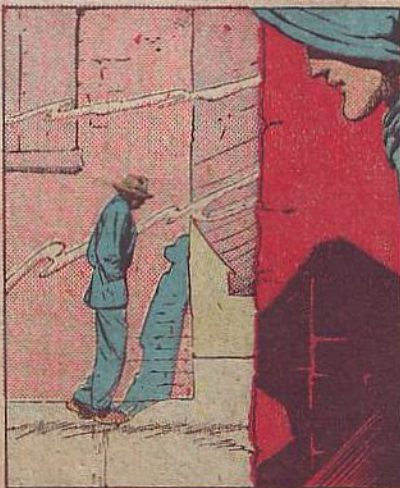
THE BLACK CONDOR

By Kenneth Lewis



OUT OF THE CLOUDS SWOOPS THE GREATEST THREAT TO CRIME THE UNDERWORLD HAS EVER KNOWN! THE **BLACK CONDOR** CRUSHES HIS VICIOUS PREY, THE RATS OF CRIME THAT DARE TO CALL THEMSELVES MEN!

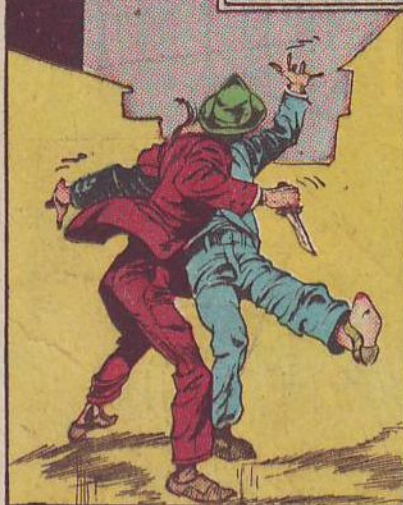
THROUGH THE HEAVY MIST OF THE WATERFRONT, THE BLACK CONDOR WATCHES A LONE, DEJECTED WANDERER...



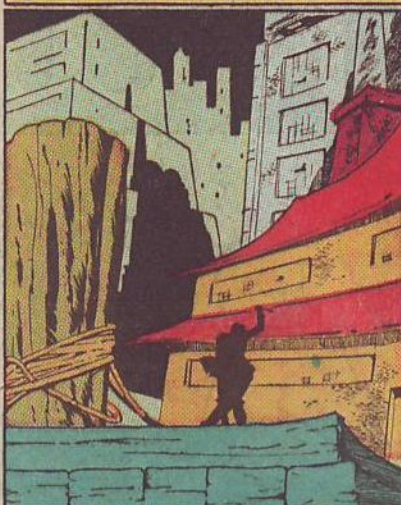
OUT OF THE FOG SPRINGS ANOTHER FIGURE, POUNCING ON THE FIRST FROM BEHIND.



DURING THE SILENT STRUGGLE
A MURDEROUS KNIFE IS WHIPPED
INTO PLAY...



AGAIN AND AGAIN THE BLADE
FLASHES DOWN... A SHRILL CRY
IS MUFFLED BY A STRONG HAND.



BEFORE LONG, THE BLACK
CONDOR SWOOPS TO THE
SCENE...



MURDER
IS AN UGLY
BUSINESS,
MISTER!



YOU MIGHT
TRY IT ON THE
FISHES AND
THE WATER
RATS!



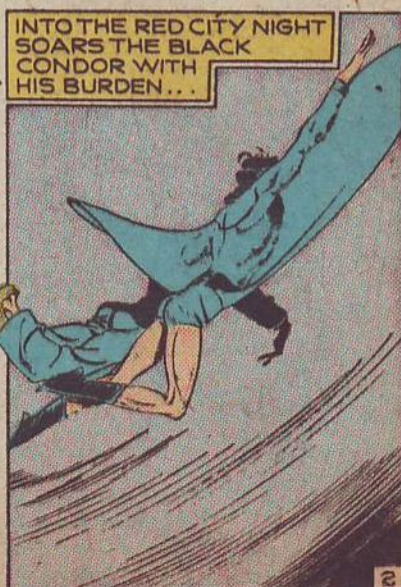
THIS POOR VICTIM IS NOT DEAD...
BUT BADLY WOUNDED...



HE'LL NEED
IMMEDIATE
AID...



INTO THE RED CITY NIGHT
SOARS THE BLACK
CONDOR WITH
HIS BURDEN...



THE MUNICIPAL HOSPITAL
LOOMS INTO VIEW.....



I'LL SKIP
FORMALITIES
AND ENTER
VIA A TOP
WINDOW.



WELL, NURSE...
DON'T STAND THERE
GAPING... DO SOME-
THING! GET A DOCTOR,
THIS MAN'S BEEN
STABBED.

ER..EH..
YES,
SIR.



VERY CRITICAL...
HMM...VERY CRITICAL
INDEED... I'M AFRAID WE
HAVEN'T THE FACILITIES
AT HAND TO SAVE
- HIM... LUNGS ALL
SLASHED TO
BITS...



BUT THERE MUST
BE SOME WAY...
SOMEONE WHO
COULD...



THE ONLY MAN WHO
CAN DO IT IS DR. PATCHE,
HE'S LECTURING IN
CHICAGO... THIS MAN
CAN'T LAST MORE
THAN AN HOUR..



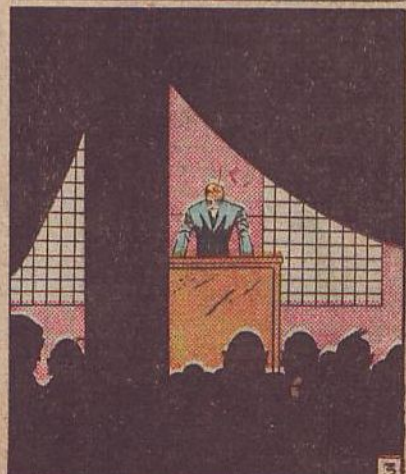
CHICAGO, YOU SAY?
STAY RIGHT THERE,
DOC, I'LL BE BACK
IN A LITTLE WHILE!



I HOPE
DR. PATCHE
WON'T MIND
AN
INTERRUPTION



IN CHICAGO, THE EMINENT
SURGEON AND LUNG
SPECIALIST LECTURES TO
A DISTINGUISHED AUDIENCE..



EVERY DAY WE DISCOVER AMAZING NEW FACTS... UNBELIEVABLE MIRACLES OF SCIENCE OCCUR IN OUR LABORATORIES...OUR POWER IS ALMOST LIMITLESS!



AT THAT INSTANT ANOTHER UNBELIEVABLE MIRACLE OCCURS IN THE LECTURE HALL DEFYING GRAVITY, THE DOCTOR LEAVES THE PLATFORM.



THE LEARNED MEN GASP AS THIS UNSCIENTIFIC EVENT TRANSPIRES BEFORE THEIR VERY EYES.



SPLUT. SPLUTTER. WH-WHAT IS TAKING PLACE HERE?

YOUR SERVICES ARE NEEDED IN NEW YORK. A MAN IS DYING!



WELL, BY ALL MEANS...LET'S GET THERE. QUICKLY.. MY WORD, WE ARE GOING FAST!

NEW YORK BELOW, SIR QUICK ENOUGH FOR YOU?



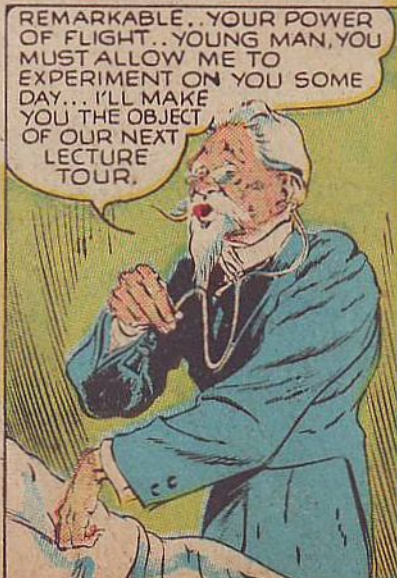
HIGHLY LAUDIBLE, YOUNG MAN!

DOCTOR PATCHE IS VERY SOON AT THE PATIENT'S BEDSIDE.



AH, YES...I CAN HELP THIS MAN... BUT FIFTEEN MINUTES LATER I COULD HAVE DONE NOTHING.

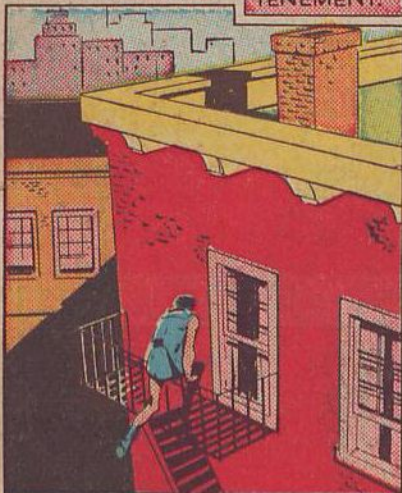
REMARKABLE.. YOUR POWER OF FLIGHT.. YOUNG MAN, YOU MUST ALLOW ME TO EXPERIMENT ON YOU SOME DAY... I'LL MAKE YOU THE OBJECT OF OUR NEXT LECTURE TOUR.



SOME DAY, DOC... I'VE GOT TO INVESTIGATE THIS MURDER CASE NOW!



WINGING TO A POOR SECTION OF TOWN, THE CONDOR ALIGHTS ON THE FIRE-ESCAPE OF A SLUM TENEMENT.



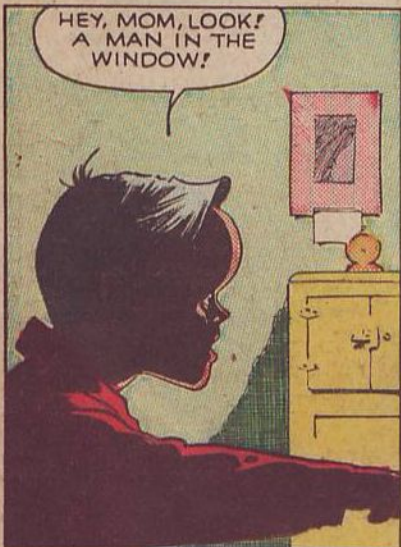
YOUR FATHER'S NOT HOME YET. I HOPE NOTHING HAS HAPPENED...EVER SINCE HE LOST HIS CHANCE OF BECOMING A CITIZEN, I WORRY SO...



DON'T CRY, MUMMY. MY DADDY'S AN AMERICAN. HE TOLD ME HE LOVES THIS COUNTRY.. NO-BODY'LL HURT HIM!



HEY, MOM, LOOK! A MAN IN THE WINDOW!



DON'T BE AFRAID, FOLKS!



I'VE COME TO TELL YOU ABOUT YOUR HUSBAND.

OH!

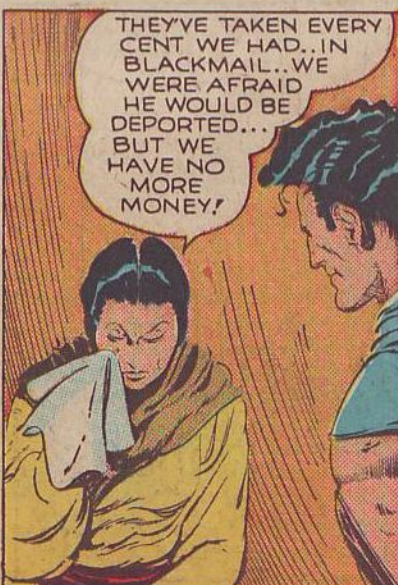


HE'S GOING TO BE ALL RIGHT.. NOW TELL ME, WHAT DO YOU KNOW ABOUT THIS?

IT'S THOSE TERRIBLE MEN..THEY STOLE HIS RIGHTS TO CITIZENSHIP. HE WANTED TO EXPOSE THEM!



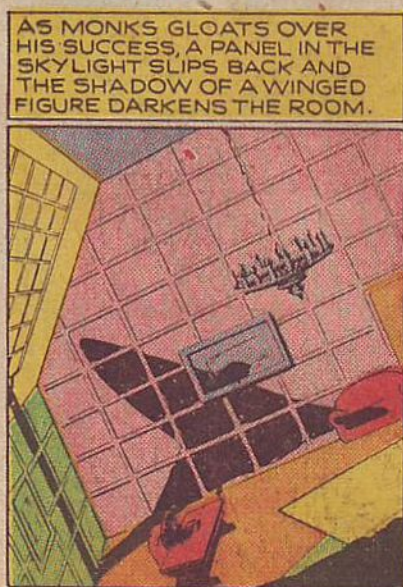
THEY'VE TAKEN EVERY CENT WE HAD..IN BLACKMAIL..WE WERE AFRAID HE WOULD BE DEPORTED... BUT WE HAVE NO MORE MONEY!



A BRACE..THE CHILD'S LAME!

DON'T CRY LIKE THAT, MUMMY!





WITH THE FURY OF
AN ANGRY WIND,
THE BLACK CONDOR
LASHES INTO MONKS.



WHY, YOU...
I'LL MURDER
DAT GUY.



NO, THAT'S
NOT WHAT
I CAME
FOR.



NOW, YOU
CAN DO ME
A FAVOR.



WRITE OUT A
CHECK FOR LITTLE
JACKIE'S FAMILY,
PAYING THEM
BACK WITH
INTEREST.



GOODBYE,
GALLAGHER...
AND LET ME WARN
YOU...YOUR RACKET
IS THROUGH...
FINISHED.



I'LL TAKE
THIS BACK
TO JACKIE, NOW...
SEE THAT YOU
BEHAVE WHILE
I'M GONE.

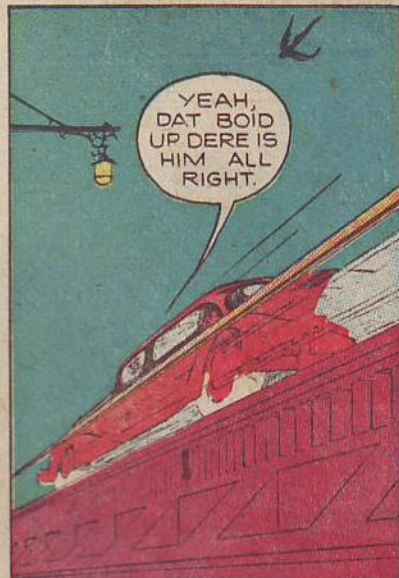


SLUGS, LISTEN...KIDNAP
DAT LITTLE LAME KID AND
GET A CEMENT TRAP
READY AT DE WARE-
HOUSE...BLACK
CONDOR'S
AFTER US...
YEAH.





AS MONK'S CAR WHIPS OUT OF THE ALLEY, THE BLACKCONDOR PERCHES ABOVE.



GALLAGHER'S GANG AWAITS HIM IN THE DARK AND EMPTY WAREHOUSE ..



WE'LL USE HIM AS A THREAT TO DE CONDOR.



AS HE ENTERS, A HUGE VAT OF WET CONCRETE IS DROPPED UPON HIM, BUT HE IS TOO QUICK ..





ONE GANGSTER PULLS A GUN, BUT THE CONDOR'S BLACK RAY FIRES FIRST.

THAT YOUR IDEA OF HEAVEN?



LIKE WILDFIRE HE FINISHES THE REST OF THE GANG...



NOW, IT'LL BE MAN TO MAN. ALL WEAPONS BARRED!



ONE LAST CRUSHING BLOW DRAWS THE CURTAIN ON MONKS...



WELL, JACKIE BOY, YOU'RE FREE NOW... HOW'D YOU LIKE TO GO FOR A SKY RIDE?

OH, GEE!



OH GEE! OH GEE!



I FLEW, MUM, I FLEW! CAN I GO AGAIN?



YOUR HUSBAND WILL BE BACK WITH YOU SOON.

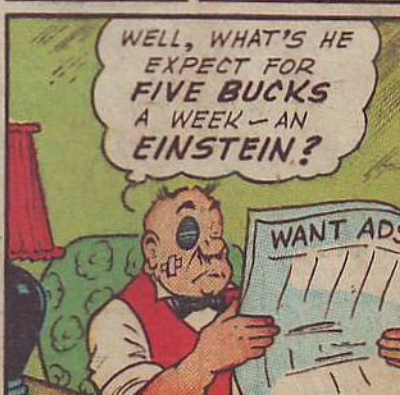
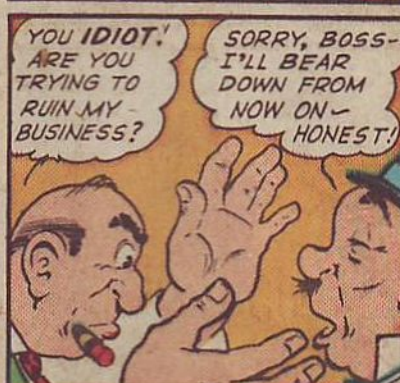
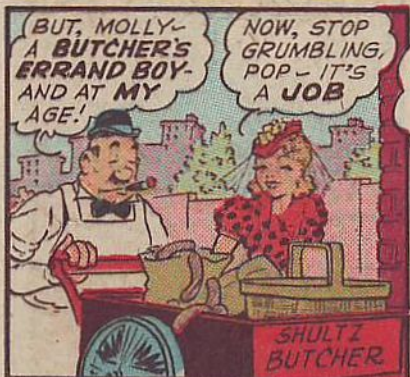
OH, YOU'VE BEEN SO WONDERFUL!

GEE!



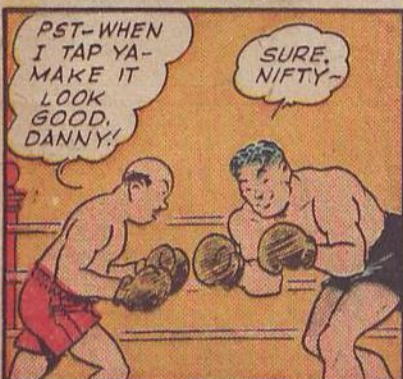
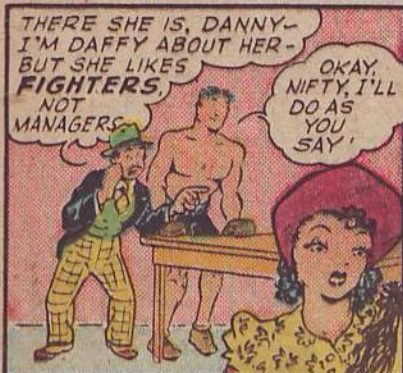
THE BLACK CONDOR LEAVES THE HAPPY FAMILY, TO FLY ON TO NEW ADVENTURES...

MOLLY THE MODEL



MOLLY THE MODEL

WILL YA, DANNY-HUH?
WILL YA?



RUBE GOLDBERG'S SIDE SHOW

SCREWBALL RULES OF BEHAVIOR

CORRECT WAY TO GET EVEN WITH A GIRL WHO ALWAYS BRINGS HER ST. BERNARD DOG ALONG WHEN SHE VISITS YOU...

I KNEW YOU WOULDN'T MIND IF I BROUGHT JULIA ALONG!



WEEKLY INVENTION
SIMPLE WAY
TO FIND
TOWEL WHEN
YOUR EYES
ARE FULL
OF SOAP..

FOLLOW DIRECTIONS



YOU DROP SOAP..

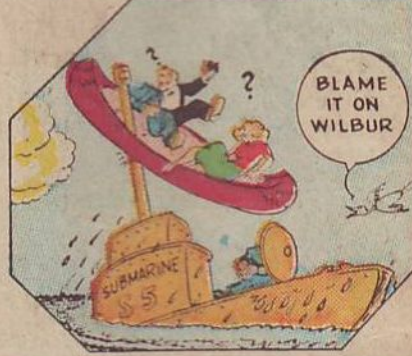
SOAP FALLS ON MOUSETRAP

CIRCLE OF TOWELS IS LOWERED AROUND YOU SO YOU CAN GRAB ONE IN ANY DIRECTION..

E

TRAP SNAPS.. PULLS STRING

MIDGET THINKS HE HAS A BITE AND REELS IN LINE..



A MAN BY THE NAME OF AMPHIBIA KLUNK, LUGGED A BAG WITH DIMENSIONS LIKE THOSE OF A TRUNK..



WHILE HERE IS A LADY NAMED ASPIRIN SWEET, AND SHE CARRIES A BAG THAT IS SMALL AND PETITE..



BUT THE BAG THAT WAS TERRIBLY ROOMY AND WIDE, HAD NOTHING AT ALL BUT A COLLAR INSIDE



WHILE THE LADY'S SMALL BAG CONTAINED PARAPHERNALIA, THAT COULD BE USED TO GO TO DISTANT AUSTRALIA...

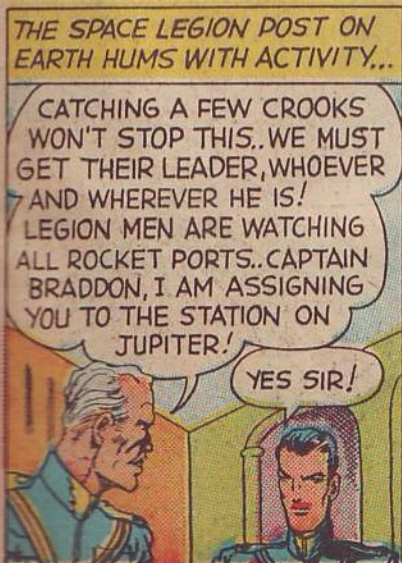
The SPACE LEGION

by
VERN



TO THE FAR-FLUNG
CORNERS OF THE
UNIVERSE, THE SPACE
LEGION IS KNOWN
AND FEARED BY
ALL CRIMINALS..

THE GREAT PLANET CERES
LAYS BETWEEN MARS AND JUPITER
..ITS POSITION MAKES IT AN IDEAL
HIDEOUT FOR THE RIFF-RAFF OF
SPACE..



WITH ITS GREAT SOLAR ENGINES POUNDING, THE FLAGSHIP DRIVES INTO THE VOID, LEAVING MARS AND EARTH FAR BEHIND..



WHAT ARE YOU DOING HERE? I DIDN'T SEND FOR A STEWARD!



A RAY GUN SUDDENLY APPEARS IN THE STEWARD'S HAND!

DON'T ANYBODY MOVE! STOP THIS SHIP.. AND VISO-GRAPH ITS POSITION ON WAVE BAND 2XA!



BLASTER MEERS IN ANOTHER SPACE SHIP PICKS UP THE CALL

THE SPACE LINER'S STOPPED. THIS IS HER POSITION!

ENGINE ROOM! FULL SPEED AHEAD!!



ABOARD THE LINER..THE CONTROL ROOM DOOR SILENTLY OPENS..

DON'T TRY ANYTHING, SPACE COP.. YOU DON'T HAVE A CHANCE..BLASTER WILL BE HERE IN NO TIME!



THE STEWARDESS GRABS THE SPY

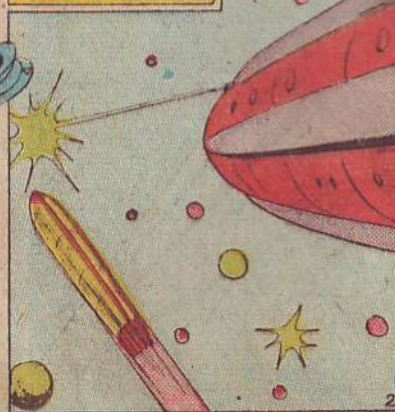
GOT'CHA!



NICE WORK, BEAUTIFUL!



THE PIRATES CLOSE IN..AND SEND A BLAST ACROSS THE LINER'S BOW...



IF WE DON'T SURRENDER, THEY'LL BLAST US OUT OF SPACE, BRADDON!

I'M TAKING THE STEWARD'S PLACE..MAYBE I CAN STILL SAVE THIS SHIP!



AS ROCK DONS THE STEWARD'S UNIFORM, HE HASTILY UNFOLDS HIS PLAN..

ARM THE CREW AND STATION THEM NEAR THE AIRLOCK... WHEN BLASTER MEERS COMES ABOARD, HE'LL WALK INTO A SWEET LITTLE TRAP!



GOOD! HOW MUCH LOOT'S ON 'ER? WHY, YOU'RE NOT... A TRAP!



BUT BLASTER MEERS, LIKE A MADDENED BULL, BATTERS HIS WAY FREE..

THEY HAVEN'T GOT ME YET!

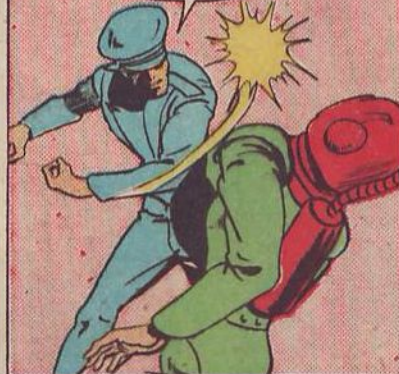


C'MON! BOARD HER!



THE TRAP IS SPRUNG...

CLOSE THE AIRLOCK..BLAST 'EM, MEN!



..AND MAKES HIS ESCAPE THROUGH A PORT-HOLE...



MEERS ENTERS THE SPACE LINER

YOU CAN PUT AWAY THE GUN, BLASTER.. I'VE GOT THEM UNDER CONTROL!



DEADLY RAYS CRISS-CROSS AS THE PIRATE CREW PUTS UP A FUTILE BATTLE...

WE'VE GOT THEM!



THE PIRATE SHIP COVERS HIS RETREAT...

THAT WAS CLOSE!

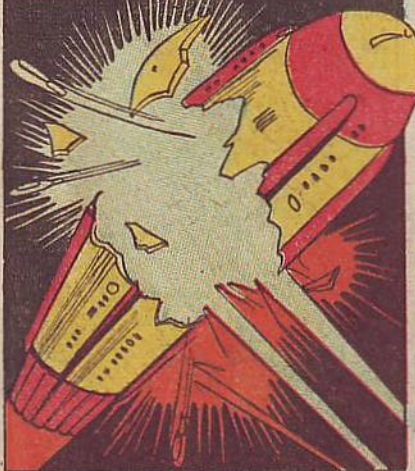


BACK ON THE SPACE LINER...

BREAK OUT THE LIFE
ROCKETS..BLASTER'S
ESCAPED AND HE'LL
BLOW THIS TUB TO
BITS!



HEAVY RAYS PENETRATE THE
SHIP'S HULL!



SOME OF THEM
ARE GETTING AWAY
IN LIFE ROCKETS!

RAY THEM! WE
AIN'T LEAVING
WITNESSES!



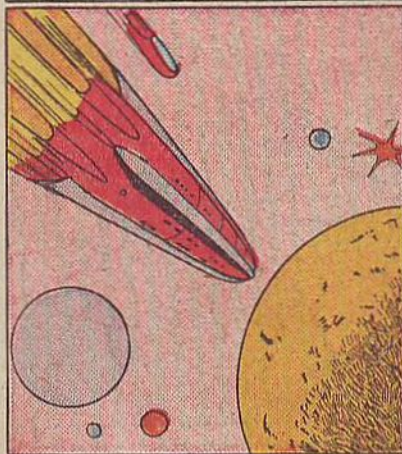
IN ONE OF THE LIFE ROCKETS..

HOW HORRIBLE!
THEY'RE MURDER-
ING THE SURVIVORS
!!

WE'RE IN
THEIR
BLIND
SPOT. OUR
ONLY CHANCE
IS TO
FOLLOW
THEM!



THE SPACE MARAUDERS ROAR
TOWARDS CERES, NOT KNOWING
THAT THEY ARE FOLLOWED..

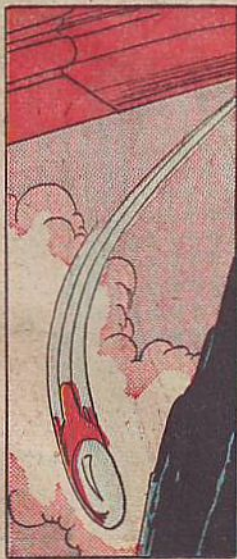


..DEEP INTO THE BOWELS OF THE
PLANET, PAST A VOLCANIC CRATER

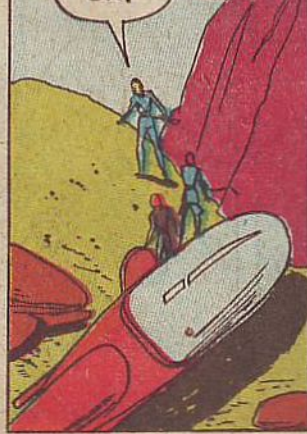
NO WONDER THE
LEGION COULDN'T
FIND THEIR BASE..
IT'S SO WELL
HIDDEN!



TIME TO
BREAK AWAY
FROM OUR
ESCORT!



WE'VE FOLLOWED HIM
THIS FAR.. CAN'T
TURN BACK NOW.. COME
ON!



A SENTRY SEES THE
FIGURES.. HIS RAY BLAST
SIZZLES OVER THEIR
HEADS..

DOWN!
WE'RE
SPOTTED!



GOT HIM! BUT
THESE SHOTS WILL
WARN THE REST OF
THEM TO GET BACK
TO THE SHIP!



THE CAVERN RESOUNDS WITH
THE CRIES OF PURSUING THUGS



GET GOING...
IF WE REACH THAT
VOLCANO WE MAY
YET WIN!



BRADDON AIMS HIS GUN AT THE
VOLCANO..THE ELECTRONIC RAY
EXPLODES THE LAVA ROCK!



THE CRATER
WALL'S CAVING..
SHE'S GOING
TO BLOW!

THE VOLCANO ERUPTS
AND MOLTEN LAVA
SEALS THE PIRATE
CAVERN FOREVER..



A LONE FIGURE APPEARS
FROM THE CLOUDS OF GAS...



MEERS!

YOU'LL NEVER
LEAVE CERES
ALIVE!

ROCK HURLS HIS EMPTY
RAY PISTOL...



STRIKE
ONE!

BLASTER MEERS GOES SCREAM-
ING INTO A MOLTEN LAVA POOL...



NOT A
VERY NICE
WAY TO
GO OUT!

..BUT HE
NEVER
SHOULD
HAVE
TANGLED
WITH THE
SPACE
LEGION!

THEY
FIND
THAT
OUT
WHEN
IT'S TOO
LATE!



MADAM FATAL

A FEARFUL WAVE OF TERROR AND CRIME IS SPREAD OVER A GREAT METROPOLIS BY A MYSTERIOUS BAND LED BY A DARING LEADER, KNOWN ONLY AS THE TIGER WOMAN...

IT IS A DARK NIGHT AS RODNEY WHITE, FAMOUS EXPLORER, NEARS HIS HOME...

SUDDENLY HE IS CONFRONTED BY A STRANGE FIGURE....

WHAT'S THIS?

THE TIGER WOMAN!

WE MEET AGAIN, RODNEY WHITE— ONLY THIS TIME IT WILL BE OUR LAST—!

NO MORE WILL YOU COME TO OUR LAND AND STEAL THE TREASURES OF MY PEOPLE!

NO— SPARE ME... I'LL KEEP AWAY---

THEN TWO MORE FIGURES APPEAR...

PLACING A SMALL REED TO HER LIPS THE TIGER WOMAN BLOWS THROUGH IT...

DIE!

MINUTES LATER—THE DYING MAN IS FOUND BY RICHARD STANTON, ALIAS MADAM FATAL...

GOT TO GET HIM A DOCTOR...

TOO LATE...WARN TAGGART AND OTHERS AT EXPLORER'S CLUB...BEWARE OF TIGER WOMAN...

SO—ANOTHER CRIME BY THE TIGER WOMAN.... WONDER HOW SHE KILLED HIM! SO FAR THE POLICE HAVE NOT FOUND HER TRAIL.... BUT THERE'S ONE PERSON WHO HAS— MADAM FATAL!

THE NEXT DAY—STANTON DONS HIS DISGUISE OF MADAM FATAL.....



CLOSE BY, A MEMBER LISTENS TO THE CONVERSATION.....



IN THE DRIVE-WAY OF THE TAGGART RESIDENCE.....



AS THE BEARDED MAN FOLLOWS, TWO FIGURES SUDDENLY JUMP OUT FROM THE BUSHES...





IN MADAM FATAL'S CAR....

THEY STOPPED AT THAT OLD
STONE HOUSE - BETTER
STOP HERE....CAN'T TAKE
CHANCES ON BEING SPOTTED!



SO FAR SO
GOOD-NO
ONE AROUND...
LOOKS TOO
EASY!



SUDDENLY THERE IS A YELL AND
SEVERAL DARK FORMS COME
RUNNING TOWARD THEM.....



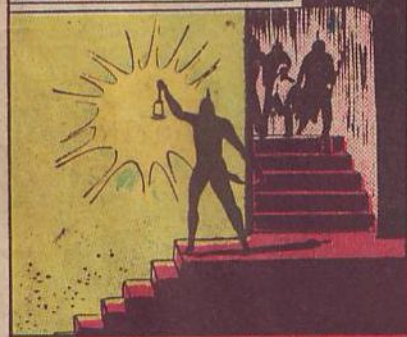
IT'S AN
AMBUSH.....
GO DOWN
FIGHTING!!



BEFORE MADAM FATAL'S BEARDED
FRIEND CAN HELP HER....



THE TWO VICTIMS ARE TAKEN DOWN
A LONG ROW OF STONE STEPS
DEEP IN THE GROUND...



THEY ARE BROUGHT TO A LARGE
STONE ROOM...



HA-JUST IN
TIME FOR THE
FEATURE
ATTENTION OF
THE EVENING!

AS SOON AS MRS. TAGGART
IS DEAD, I WILL TAKE
CARE OF YOU TWO
MEDDLERS - THEN I
MUST LEAVE, FOR MY
WORK IS DONE HERE!



SO YOU'RE
GOING TO
KILL HER
AS YOU
DID THOSE
OTHER
EXPLORERS!

YES-WHEN THE
TAGGART EXPEDITION
CAME TO OUR LAND
AND TOOK SOME OF
OUR VALUED
TREASURES, I
SWORE REVENGE!



WE HAVE KILLED ALL, EXCEPT PHILIP
TAGGART, WHO IS BEING HELD
PRISONER BY MY PEOPLE, AND
HIS WIFE WHO IS HERE NOW -
WHEN SHE IS DEAD WE WILL
RETURN AND TAGGART WILL
BE SACRIFICED !!



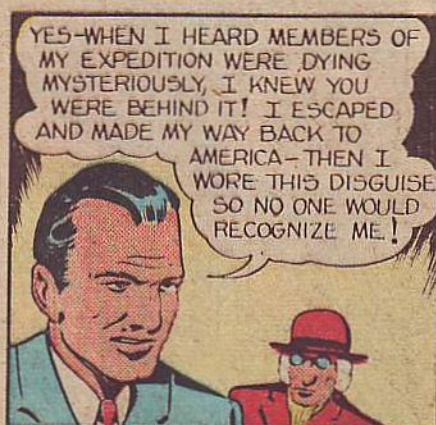
NOW WE ARE READY-ONE
PUFF FROM THIS HOLLOW
REED AND SHE WILL
INHALE A POWDER POISON
WHICH WILL TURN HER
FEATURES TO STONE!





YOU WILL NEVER KILL MRS. TAGGART, TIGER WOMAN - LOOK-!

PHILIP!



YES-WHEN I HEARD MEMBERS OF MY EXPEDITION WERE DYING MYSTERIOUSLY, I KNEW YOU WERE BEHIND IT! I ESCAPED AND MADE MY WAY BACK TO AMERICA- THEN I WORE THIS DISGUISE SO NO ONE WOULD RECOGNIZE ME!



AND NOW I'LL TAKE THAT POISON BLOWER IF YOU DON'T MIND!



SUDDENLY THE TIGER WOMAN MAKES A DASH FOR A SECRET OPENING...

LOOK! HERE COME HER MEN!



GIVE 'EM A TASTE OF THEIR OWN POISON-I'M GOING AFTER THE TIGER WOMAN!



MEANWHILE MADAM FATAL ENTERS THE SECRET OPENING AND CLIMBS A LONG FLIGHT OF STAIRS...

WONDER WHERE THIS LEADS TO...



WHY-IT LEADS TO THE TOP OF A TOWER....NO ONE AROUND-FUNNY!



HA! I TRAPPED YOU NEATLY, FOOL....NOW, OVER YOU GO!



A DESPERATE STRUGGLE OF DEATH FOLLOWS...



WITH ONE LAST EFFORT, MADAM FATAL LASHES OUT IN WILD FURY...

IT'S EITHER YOU OR ME~ SO HERE GOES!



WHEW!- THAT WAS CLOSE!



I'M SO GLAD YOU'RE SAFE, DEAR...BUT THAT DISGUISE OF YOURS CERTAINLY HAD ME FOOLED!

MAYBE SO, DARLING, BUT NO ONE WEARING A DISGUISE COULD FOOL ME!

THE RED TORPEDO

BY
DREW
ALLEN



THE RED TORPEDO, FORMER CAPTAIN IN THE U.S. NAVY, HAS INVENTED A NAVIGABLE TORPEDO, THE MOST POWERFUL WEAPON AFLOAT. MASKED AND MYSTERIOUS, HE SAILS THE SEAS, PUNISHING EVIL-DOERS AND RIGHTING WRONGS.... A VERITABLE ROBIN HOOD OF THE DEEP. OUR STORY BEGINS IN A LITTLE SEAPORT TOWN IN CONQUERED FRANCE...

SO, DR. FREIHEIT, YOU WERE GOING TO ENGLAND, TO CONTINUE YOUR OPPOSITION, EH? WELL, THE GESTAPO WILL CHANGE ALL THAT!

THE GESTAPO GIVES A LITTLE LESSON IN PATRIOTISM.



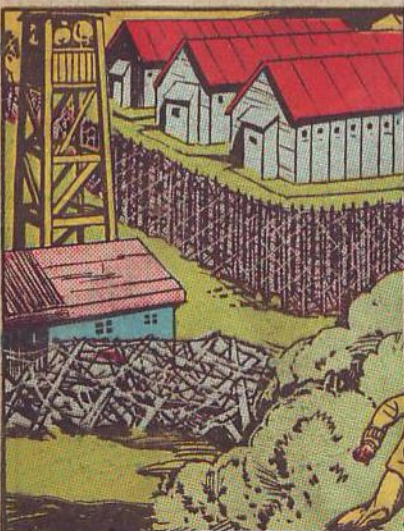
BY SOME MIRACLE, DR. FREIHEIT ESCAPES FROM THE NAZI CONCENTRATION CAMP.....



BUT IN BERLIN....



I KNOW FREIHEIT IS ABOARD THE REFUGEE SHIP, "MERCY"! HE MUST BE CAPTURED! CONTACT MY RAIDER, THE "SCHRECKLICHKEIT!"

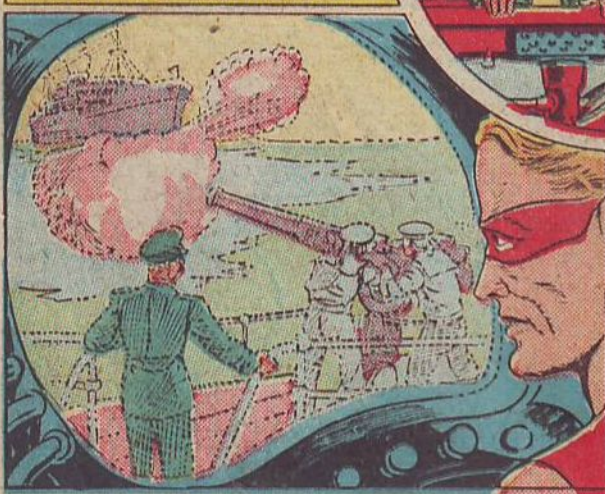


MEANWHILE THE RED TORPEDO IS CRUISING THE ATLANTIC, SEEKING TO AID THE BRITISH NAVY.



THE SCHRECKLICH-KEIT HAS BEEN RAIDING IN THESE WATERS FOR TOO LONG A TIME!

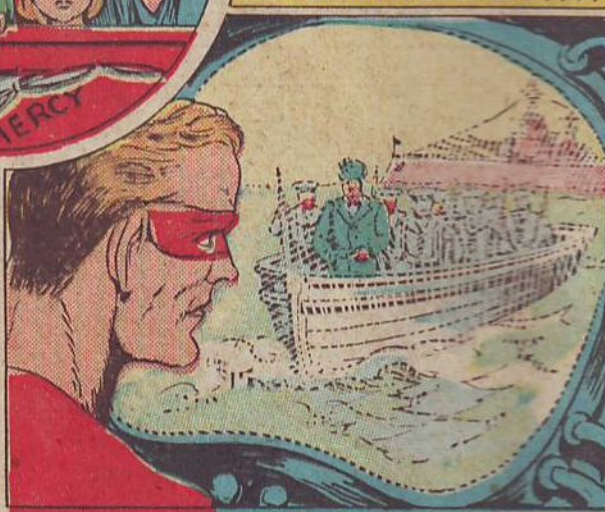
IN HIS MARINOSCOPE, THE RED TORPEDO SEES THE RAIDER HALT THE MERCY. . .



WHILE ON BOARD THE NAZI RAIDER THE SCHRECKLICHKEIT, THE CAPTAIN SIGHTS HIS PREY, THE AMERICAN SS. MERCY.



AS HE WATCHES, THE NAZIS PUT OFF IN A LAUNCH.



ABOARD THE MERCY. . .



CAPTAIN, YOU HAVE A CERTAIN DR. FREIHEIT ABOARD. . I WANT HIM. . LINE UP YOUR PASSENGERS FOR A SEARCH!

HA! HERE HE IS. . WELL, HERR DOKTOR, YOU CAN TAKE OFF THOSE DARK GLASSES NOW. . SEIZE HIM, YOU MEN!

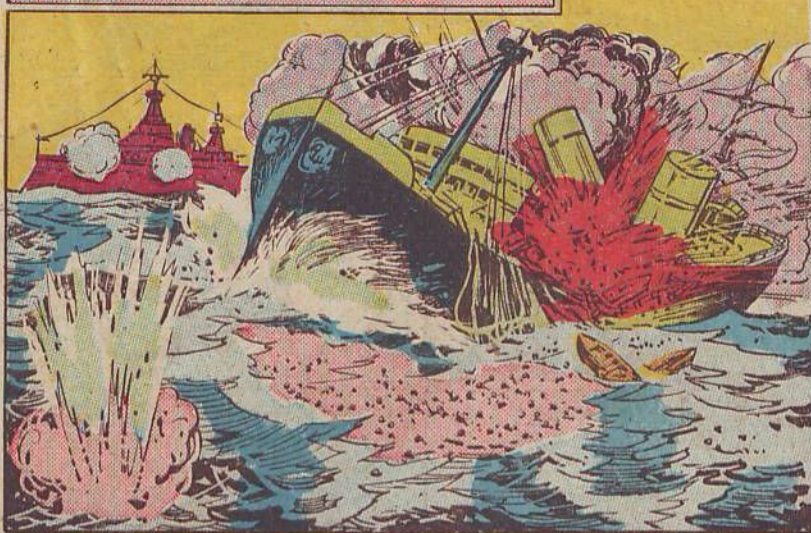


AND SO, FREIHEIT IS TAKEN ABOARD THE RAIDER. .



THAT FELLOW MUST BE SOMEBODY BIG IF THEY WANT HIM AS BADLY AS ALL THAT!

THE NAZI RAIDER LIVES UP TO ITS NAME.

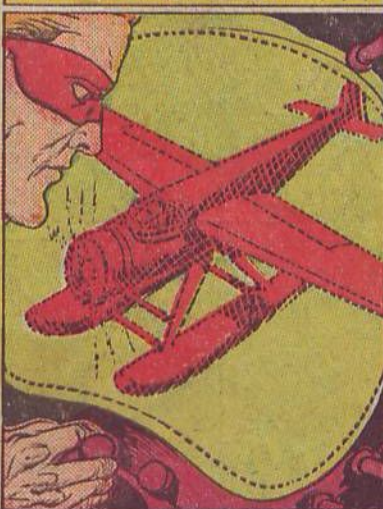


I'LL MAKE THEM PAY FOR THIS, BUT FIRST TO RESCUE THAT PRISONER!



I'LL FOLLOW THIS KILLER AND AWAIT MY CHANCE!

SUDDENLY THE MARINOSCOPE SIGHTS A NEW ENEMY...



IN THE NAZI AMPHIBIAN.

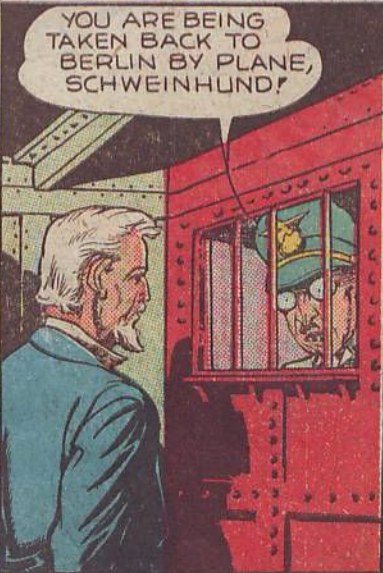
THERE'S THE SCHRECKLICHKEIT!



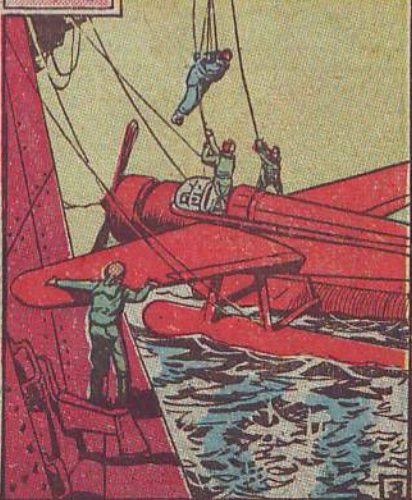
HERE COMES THE PLANE FOR THE PRISONER.. GET HIM ON DECK!



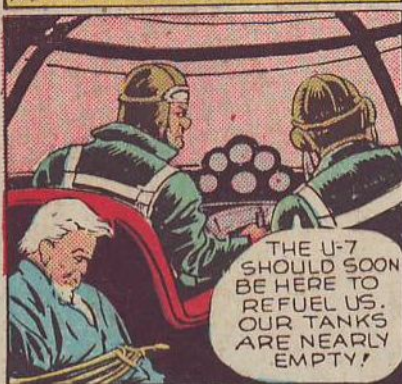
YOU ARE BEING TAKEN BACK TO BERLIN BY PLANE, SCHWEINHUND!



WITH TYPICAL NAZI BRUTALITY, DR. FREIHEIT IS LOWERED ONTO THE PLANE.



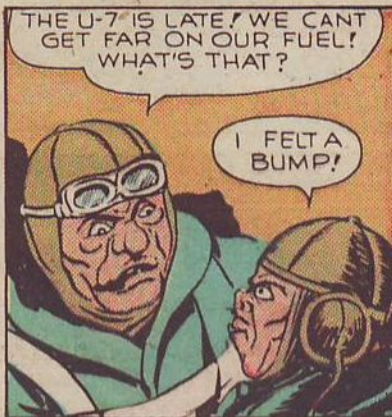
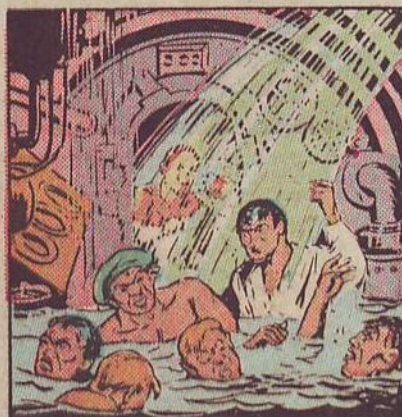
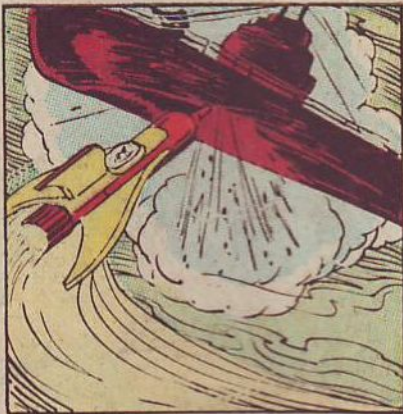
ASTRE RAIDER STEAMS AWAY.



THE U-7 SHOULD SOON BE HERE TO REFUEL US. OUR TANKS ARE NEARLY EMPTY!



A U-BOAT, EH? I'LL GET RID OF HIM FIRST!



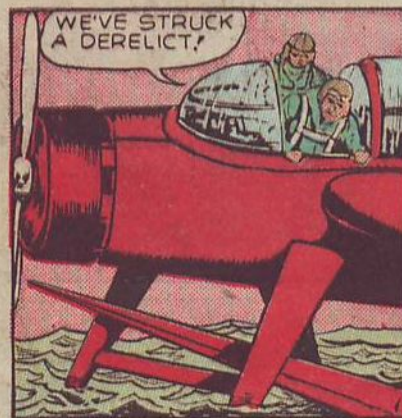
THE U-7 IS LATE! WE CAN'T GET FAR ON OUR FUEL! WHAT'S THAT?

I FELT A BUMP!



THE RED TORPEDO HAS THRUST HIS PROW INTO THE PLANE'S PONTOON!

THAT'LL HOLD HIM UNTIL I GET THROUGH HERE!



WE'VE STRUCK A DERELICT!



QUICK! WE'VE GOT TO CUT OURSELVES FREE, OR WE'LL SINK!



I WANT A WORD WITH THESE TWO SEA WOLVES!



O.K., BOYS! HERE'S WHERE YOU GET OFF!



WHEN KILLERS MEET.

WHO ARE YOU?

NEVER MIND
YOU'RE SAFE
WITH ME!

THE RED TORPEDO FREES HIS
CRAFT FROM THE PLANE...

I'LL JUST
ANCHOR HER
HERE FOR A
LITTLE WHILE!

RETURNING TO THE PLANE, HE
TAKES AFTER THE RAIDERS...

HERE COMES
THE PLANE
AGAIN!

ALL UNSUSPECTING, THE RAIDER
PERMITS THE PLANE TO
APPROACH.

FROM DIRECTLY OVERHEAD
THE RED TORPEDO LAUNCHES
A BOMB.

I LEFT A
DELAYED
FUSE BOMB
IN THE
PLANE!

I'M TAKING YOU
TO AMERICA AND
FREEDOM!

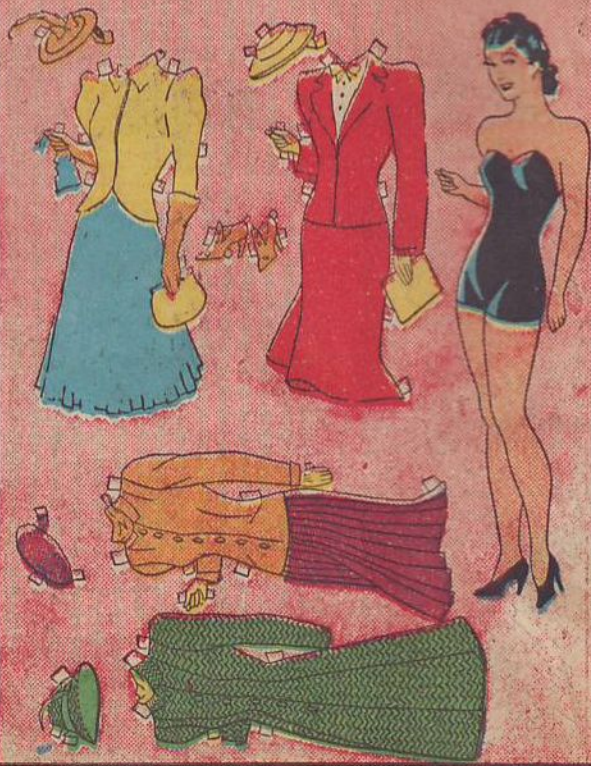
JANE ARDEN

by Monte Barrett and Russell F. Darr

FORTUNE-HUNTING COUNT IVAN TAKES JANE TO THE POLO MATCHES, STILL THINKING SHE IS THE RICH GRACE KENNING.



JANE ARDEN'S WARDROBE



JANE ARDEN

by Monte Barrett and Russell

COUNT IVAN IS ONE OF THE BEST AT POLO AND HE WANTS TO MAKE SURE JANE SEES HIM AT HIS BEST.

I'D RATHER STAY WITH YOU THAN PLAY TODAY!

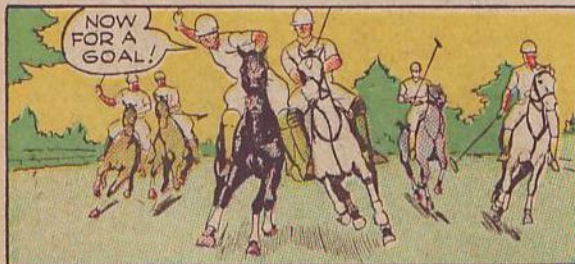
NONSENSE.. I CAME TO SEE YOU PLAY TODAY!!



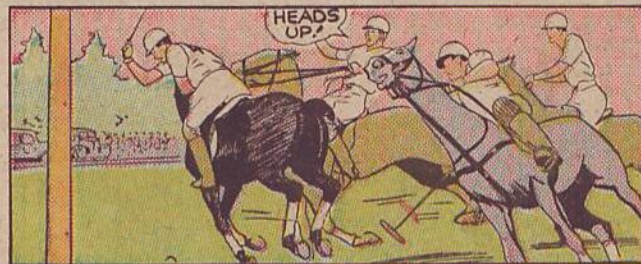
POLO IS ONE THING I DO WELL... IF I DON'T STIR HER TODAY...



WOW! CAN THAT COUNT PLAY... THEY CAN'T STOP HIM!



NOW FOR A GOAL!



HEADS UP!



OOF!



OH! HE'S HURT!



I NEVER REALIZED THIS GAME WAS SO DANGEROUS!



SURE.. AS LONG AS YOU CARE

OH, IVAN - ARE YOU ALL RIGHT?

SHUCKS.. I'M WASTING MY SYMPATHY ON YOU!



SOON AS I PUT THET TOAD UNDER LENA'S PILLOW T'DRIVE 'WAY TH' PIXIES, SHE DREAMT 'BOUT FISH



MORNIN' DAN'L.. WHAT'S ON YER MIND?

AIN'T IT A SIGN OF MONEY WHEN FOLKS DREAM 'BOUT FISH?



COURSE 'TIS, DAN'L!

THEN COME 'LONG WITH ME.. I'M AIMING T'MARRY UP WITH LENA!



WAKE UP, YE LAZY LOU.. LENA DONE DREAMT ABOUT FISH!

'BOUT FISH! PAPPY, I GOT SOME COURTIN' T'DO!



LENA DREAMT 'BOUT FISH! MORNIN' LAZARUS, WHO ARE THE POSIES FOR?



SO LENA DREAMT 'BOUT FISH, EH? CMON, HUSTLE YER BONES, TILLIE, WE CAN'T LET A FORTUNE SLIP THROUGH OUR FINGERS

JANE ARDEN'S WARDROBE



JANE ARDEN

by Monte Barrett and E. Ross



JANE ARDEN'S WARDROBE



JANE ARDEN

by Midge Harrett and Russ E. Ross

COUNT IVAN THINKS JANE IS THE RICH GRACE KENNING, POSING AS JANE ARDEN TO ESCAPE PUBLICITY..

OH! I MUST HAVE HURT MY ANKLE

HERE.. LEAN ON ME, IVAN!

I-I WAS FRIGHTENED STIFF WHEN YOUR PONY FELL ...

DON'T WORRY, DEAR.. I ALWAYS COME OUT ON TOP!

SHE'S IN THE RIGHT MOOD, THAT FALL WAS A LUCKY BREAK FOR ME!

I'M GLAD TO KNOW YOU'RE WORRIED.. IT MAKES ME HOPE.. HOPE THAT YOU CARE WHAT HAPPENS TO ME..

OF COURSE... I DON'T WANT YOU TO BREAK YOUR NECK!

IT'S NOT MY NECK THAT'S IN DANGER.. IT'S MY HEART.. JANE, I LOVE YOU!

I'M FOND OF YOU, IVAN.. BUT AS FOR LOVE.. I DON'T KNOW!

YET YOU RAN OUT ON THE FIELD WHEN YOU THOUGHT I WAS HURT!

YES.. THEN I FORGOT EVERYTHING ELSE BUT THAT YOU WERE IN DANGER.. PERHAPS..

DARLING! THAT'S THE ANSWER! LET'S NOT HESITATE ANY LONGER!

!

GIT ON YORE BEST CLOTHES, LENA... HERE'S THE PARSON

I'VE GOT PLENTY TIME!

GET AGOIN, HENHUSSY.. WHAT YE THINK I FETCHED THE PARSON FER?

OH, I'M ALWAYS GLAD T' SEE THE PARSON

WAL, DON'T KEEP HIM AWAITIN'... LET'S GIT MARRIED!

SAKES ALIVE!

WANT TO MARRY WITH LENA, EH?

JUS' CAUSE SHE DREAMT OF FISH, A SIGN OF MONEY.. TRY TO BEAT US TO IT!

OW! LET ME GO.. YE VARMINTS

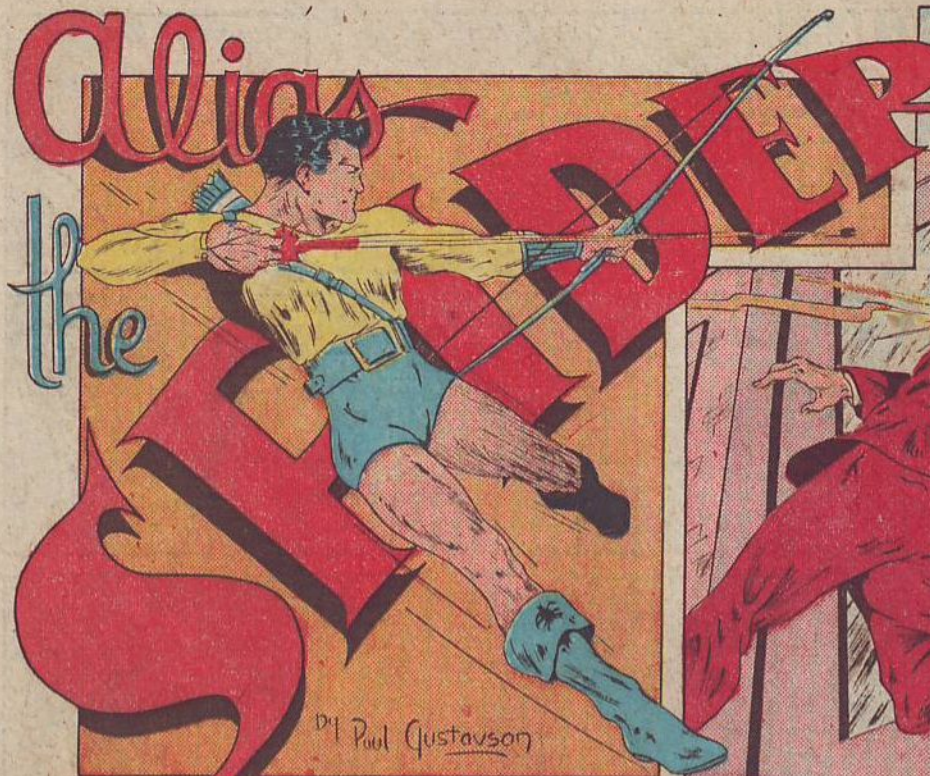
GIT 'IM!

WHAT HAPPENED? TELL ME WHERE'S DAN'L?

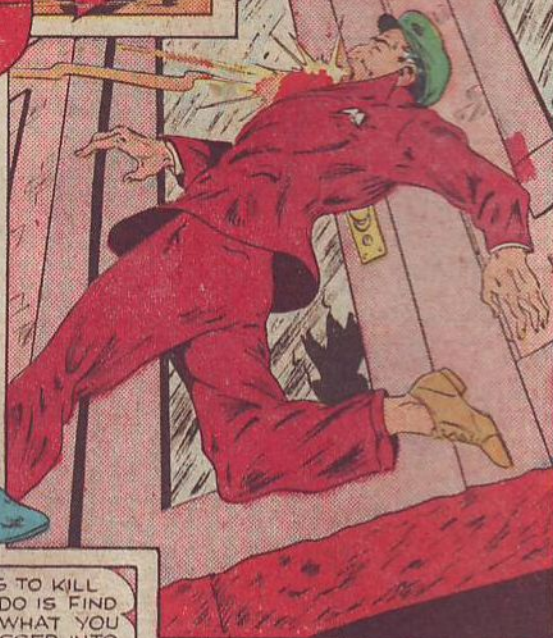
LENA.. DID YOU DREAM OF FISH?

JANE ARDEN'S WARDROBE





THE BLAZING SEAL OF THE SPIDER SCREAMS THROUGH THE NIGHT AIR... PINNING ITS VICTIM TO THE DOOR OF A TAILOR SHOP...



I-I CAN'T GET LOOSE! I'LL GET KILLED... I'LL GET KILLED!

HELP!



OKAY...NOBODY'S GOING TO KILL YOU! ALL I WANT TO DO IS FIND OUT WHAT YOU TOSSED INTO THAT SHOP!



A MOMENT LATER...A DEAFENING EXPLOSION FLATTENS THE TAILOR SHOP!



ANOTHER STORE BLOWN UP! AND JUST AROUND THE CORNER, TOO!

THAT MAKES SIX IN TWO DAYS, PAT!

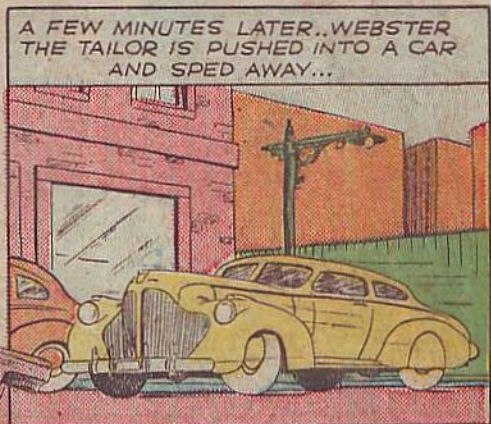


HERE'S THE GUY THAT DID IT! I GOT 'IM!



AS HE FALLS, THE SPIDER PICKS UP A WALLET LYING IN THE WRECKAGE. HE SLIPS IT UNDER HIS BELT...







DUMP 'IM IN THAT CLOSET, AN' LET'S GO OUT AN' CELEBRATE TH' SPIDER'S BUSTIN' JAIL SOON!

SURE.. OKAY!



MEANWHILE

H' COPPERS! I'M TH' SPIDER'S MOUTHPIECE!

WHAT? AH..OKAY.. YOU CAN GO IN AND SEE HIM!



HERE'S YOUR LAWYER!

MY LAWYER???



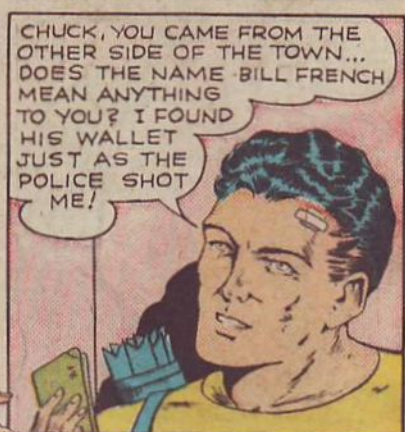
IS THE GUARD GONE, BOSS?

YES, CHUCK/HE JUST ROUNDED THE CORNER!



WHAT HAPPENED, BOSS.. DID YOU GO SLIGHTLY SCREWY?

DON'T BE A DOPE! NO!



CHUCK, YOU CAME FROM THE OTHER SIDE OF THE TOWN... DOES THE NAME BILL FRENCH MEAN ANYTHING TO YOU? I FOUND HIS WALLET JUST AS THE POLICE SHOT ME!



YEAH..HE'S JUST A SECOND RATE PUG IN RIKER'S MOB.. HE'S DUMB AS..



IF YOU'RE TRYIN' TO PIN IT ON HIM, IT WON'T DO YOU ANY GOOD! HOW YOU GONNA EXPLAIN HOW ALL THESE BOMBINGS STOPPED AS SOON AS YOU WENT TO JAIL?

OH... I SEE..



I'M BEGINNING TO SEE THROUGH ALL OF THIS! CHUCK, GET ME OUT OF HERE!

WHAT? HOW?



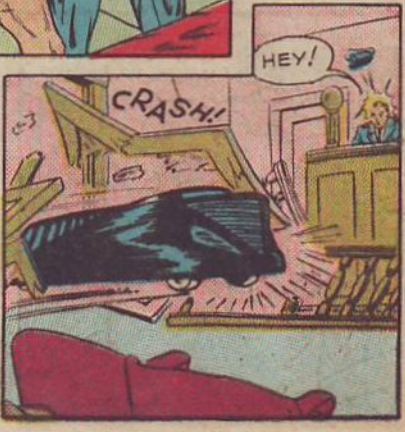
YOU FIGURE THAT OUT!



THAT NIGHT... WHAT'S THIS THING HEADIN' FOR THE POLICE STATION?



UGHH! IT'S THE BLACK WIDOW!



HEY!

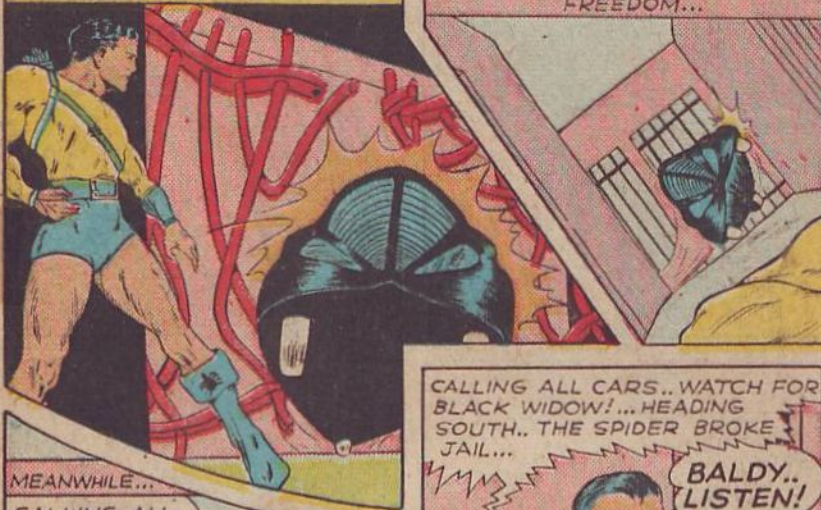
CRASH!

AND THE WHEELED TERROR
CRASHES RIGHT INTO THE
SPIDER'S CELL...

...BEFORE THE POLICE CAN
COLLECT THEIR WITS, THE
SPIDER IS ON HIS WAY TO
FREEDOM...

WHAT'S OUR NEXT
MOVE, BOSS?

TURN ON
THE SOUND
DETECTOR,
I'VE GOT A
HUNCH!



I HEARD IT! C'MON, YOU GUYS..
START MOVIN'...AND BLOW
THIS TOWN WIDE
OPEN BEFORE
TH' SPIDER
LEAVES!

MEANWHILE...

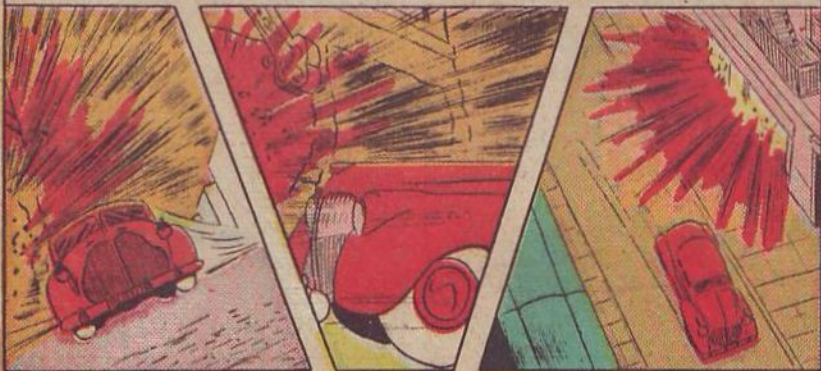
CALLING ALL
CARS.. CALLING
ALL CARS...

CALLING ALL CARS..WATCH FOR
BLACK WIDOW!...HEADING
SOUTH.. THE SPIDER BROKE
JAIL...

BALDY..
LISTEN!



AS THE POLICE PURSUE THE BLACK WIDOW, BALDY RIKER'S MOB
BEGIN A REIGN OF TERROR WHICH POINTS TO THE SPIDER...



..374...379...383....THEY'RE
HEADING WEST ON
GROVE STREET!

WHO
IS?

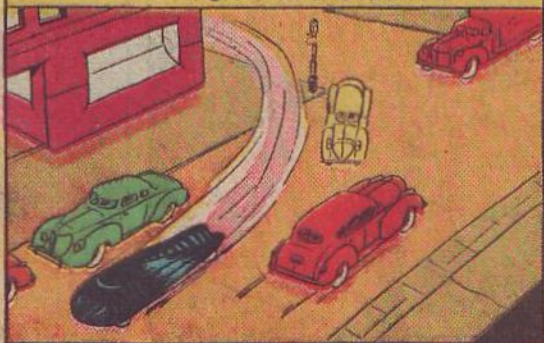


WHILE IN THE BLACK WIDOW...

BALDY RIKER'S MOB!
HOLD YOUR HAT,
CHUCK..WE'RE
MOVING
ON THEM!



THE BLACK STREAK ROARS OUT IN A
TERRIFIC BURST OF SPEED AS IT HEADS
FOR GROVE STREET...



JUMPING CATFISH..LOOK AT
THAT CROWD IN THE
STREET!

WE'LL
KILL HALF OF
THEM..WE'RE
GOING TOO
FAST TO
STOP!



TO AVOID CERTAIN DISASTER FOR THE CROWD, THE SPIDER HEADS THE ZOOMING BLACK WIDOW FOR THE BUILDING ACROSS THE STREET...



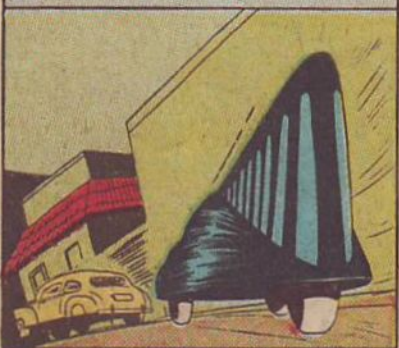
...AND ROARS UP ITS SIDE!



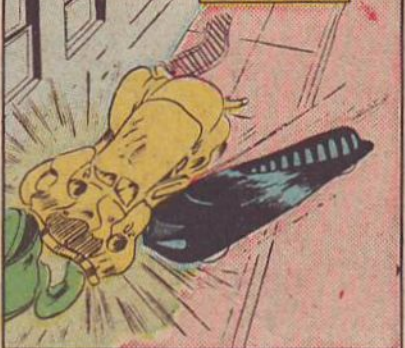
WE MISSED THEM, CHUCK! NOW TO FIND RIKER'S BUSY RATS!



A FEW MINUTES LATER THE BLACK WIDOW DRAWS UP BEHIND THE RIKER MOB'S CAR...



AND IN A DEAFENING CRASH SENDS IT INTO A NEARBY BUILDING!



OOOH!...W-WHAT HIT US?



I DID, RAT...NOW, GIVE UP?

THE SPIDER!



I DON'T QUIT WITH THIS ROD IN MY HAND, CHUMP!



BUT... THE SPIDER STRIKES FIRST...



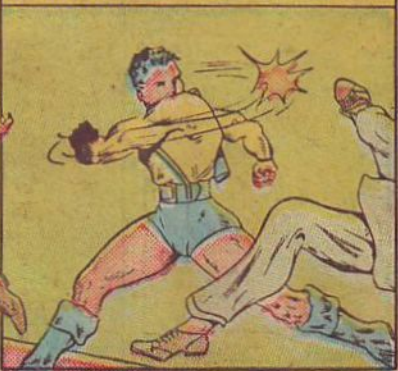
C'MON.. RUSH HIM.. WE'RE THREE TO ONE!



BLOWS PACKED WITH DYNAMITE MEET RIKER'S THUGS...



AND BEFORE LONG THEY ARE SPRAWLING IN THE STREET...



YOU'RE NOT DOING AS MUCH RUSHING AS YOU THOUGHT, EH, BOY?



THAT'LL HOLD YOU!



I'M GETTIN' OUTA HERE!

SO..NUMBER THREE IS LEAVING..AND IF MY GUESS ISN'T WRONG, HE'S GOING TO LEAD ME TO RIKER!



CHUCK..GET THE POLICE ON YOUR TAIL..AND FOLLOW ME!

OKE!

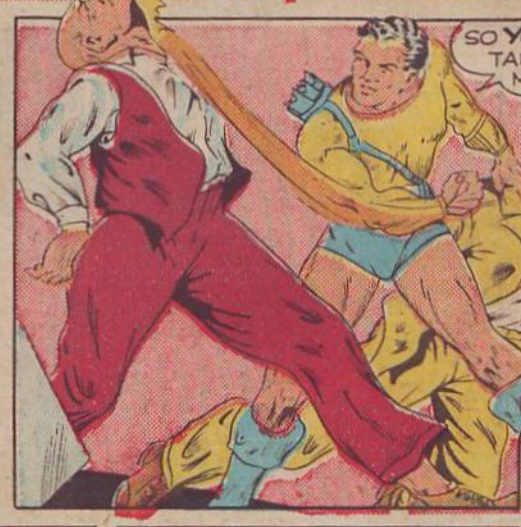
A SHORT TIME LATER RIKER'S GUNMAN ENTERS THE HIDEOUT ..FOLLOWED BY THE SPIDER...



TH' SPIDER! HE GOT NICK AN' TRIGGER!

TH' DOG! WHERE'S ME ROD, I'LL TAKE CARE O'HIM MYSELF!

AS RIKER GOES FOR HIS GUN...



SO YOU'RE GONNA TAKE CARE OF ME, EH?

THE SPIDER SENDS THE TWO GUNMEN CRASHING INTO A CLOSET...THE BROKEN DOOR REVEALS A BODY...



THE OLD TAILOR WHO I WAS SUPPOSED TO HAVE KILLED..HMM... WON'T THE POLICE LIKE THIS!



HEY, BOSS..TH' COPS ARE COMIN'! I HID TH' BLACK WIDOW IN AN ALLEY AN' MADE 'EM CHASE ME UP HERE!

OKAY, CHUCK..OUT THE WINDOW AND OVER THE ROOFS!



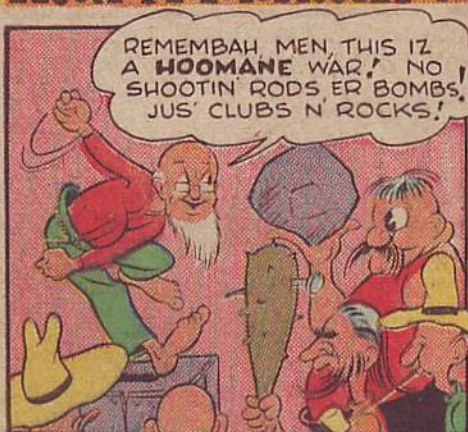
BALDY RIKER! AND WEBSTER THE TAILOR..HE WASN'T KILLED IN THAT BLAST AT ALL!

YEAH! SOMEDAY THAT SPIDER WILL LET US IN ON SOMETHIN'!

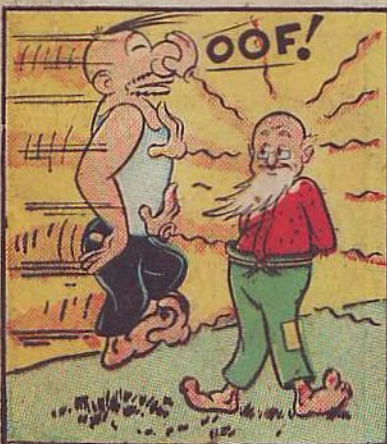
More thrilling exploits of Alias the Spider in the February issue.

SLAP HAPPY PAPPY

RALPH JOHNS



**THE DIAPER DIVISION
SCATTERS IN CONFUSION**



NED BRANT

By BOB ZUPPKE

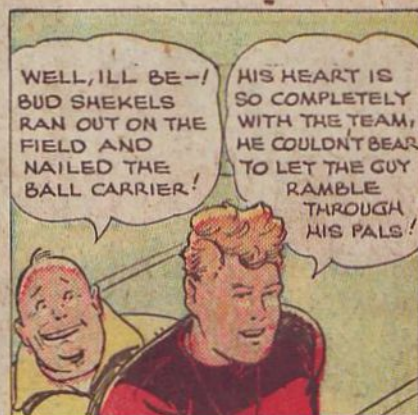
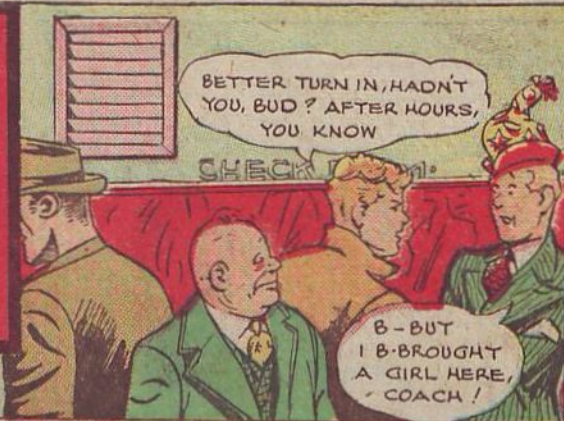
DRAWN BY B. W. DEPEW



NED BRANT

By BOB ZUPPKE

DRAWN BY S. W. OEFEL

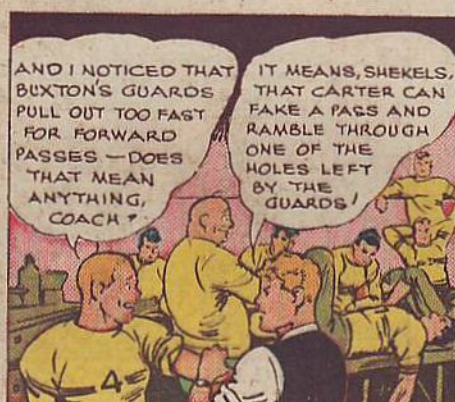
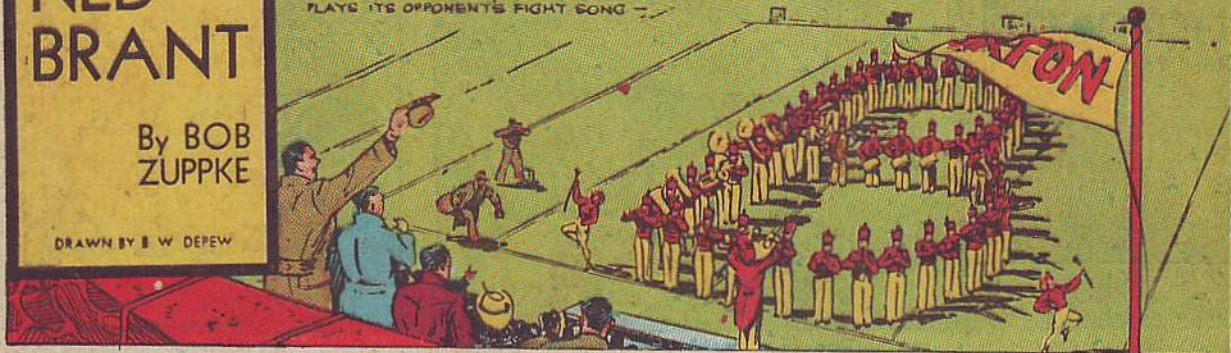


NED BRANT

By BOB ZUPPKE

DRAWN BY E W DEPEW

BUXTON FANS APPLAUD THE SPORTSMANSHIP DISPLAYED BY CARTER, WHOSE BAND, DESPITE THE FACT CARTER TRAILS, 21 TO 12, AT THE HALF PLAYS ITS OPPONENT'S FIGHT SONG —



NED BRANT

By BOB ZUPPKE

DRAWN BY S W DEFEW

MY INSTRUCTIONS ARE, NOT TO RUSH THE KICKER, BUT TO BLOCK OUT THE MEN, SO OUR BALL CARRIER WILL HAVE A BETTER CHANCE TO RETURN THE PUNT—AND HURRY!

YES SIR, COACH BRANT

IF HE KICKS TO YOU, I'LL CROSS OVER, NED

AND IF THE KICK COMES TO YOU, BUD, I'LL CUT IN FRONT OF YOU

THE UNHURRIED KICK IS A DANDY, BUT THE CARTER LINEMEN DO A GOOD JOB OF SPILLING THEIR OPPONENTS —

GOT IT!

LET'S GO PLACES—THERE AREN'T 10 SECONDS LEFT!

WITH BUXTON TACKLERS BEARING DOWN HARD, NED AND BUD PREPARE TO PULL A SURPRISE —

CHECK

DOUBLE CHECK

DEADLY, BUT TO NO AVAIL, ARE THE BUXTON TACKLERS AS BUD GRABS NED'S PERFECT LATERAL PASS AND RACES ON TOWARD THE BUXTON GOAL AND POSSIBLE VICTORY —

THEY'VE GOT BUD HEMMED IN AT THE SIDELINE, JAKE!

LOOK, COACH! IT'S THE INDIAN WOLF — IF ONLY BUD SEES HIM!

CARTER FANG'S SHOUTS DIE, THEN RISE TO A SHRILL PITCH AS WOLF, THE UNBELIEVABLE INDIAN, COMES FROM NOWHERE TO TAKE THE SECOND LATERAL OF THE PLAY AND STEP ACROSS THE GOAL LINE!

THAT'LL COST YOU A NEW HAT, COACH!

I'LL BUY YOU A NEW HAT—SUIT—A HOME-FURNITURE! WHAT A FINISH!

LEE PRESTON

BY
Terrence
Macaully

LEE PRESTON, COURAGEOUS
RED CROSS FLYER, IS ON
HER WAY TO PARIS ON
SPECIAL WAR-TIME DUTY.

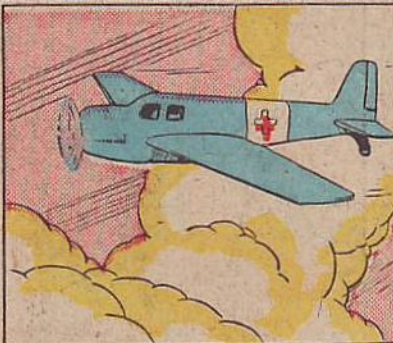
OF THE RED CROSS



THE ROADS FROM PARIS ARE
FILLED WITH HOMELESS WAR
VICTIMS.



LEE WINGS SWIFTLY TOWARDS
PARIS ON HER MISSION



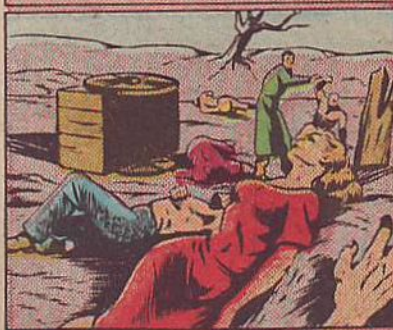
SHE SIGHTS THE HUDDLED
FIGURES BELOW . . .



SUDDENLY A NAZI SHIP SWOOPS
DOWN, RAINING A
HAIL OF DEATH
ON THE
HELPLESS
REFUGEES.



MANY FALL, FACES TURN TO
THE SKY IN UNBELIEVING HORROR
AT THIS WANTON SLAUGHTER.



I MAY BE NEEDED IN
PARIS, BUT THESE
POOR PEOPLE
NEED ME MORE!
I'M GOING
DOWN TO
HELP
THEM!



SHE LANDS SWIFTLY AMID
THE DESTRUCTION



'YOU POOR PEOPLE! COME,
LET ME HELP YOU IN
MY PLANE, THERE WILL
BE AID FOR YOU IN
LONDON!'



NOBLE SACRIFICES ARE MADE
AS THOSE WHO DEPART AND
THOSE WHO REMAIN ARE SEPARATED.

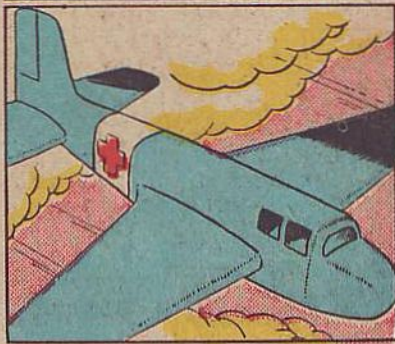
I WANT MY BABY TO
GO, PERHAPS HE
WILL HAVE A
CHANCE, I'M TOO
NEAR
DEATH
FOR
AID!



AN OLD MAN SUPPORTING A WOUNDED FRIEND, BEGS PASSAGE



LEE TAKES OFF AND WINGS OVER THE CHANNEL TOWARDS HER GOAL.



ALRIGHT, OTTO, NOW'S OUR CHANCE, WE'LL OVERCOME THE GIRL AND DROP OUR BOMBS OVER ENGLAND!



THE SPY THREATENS LEE...

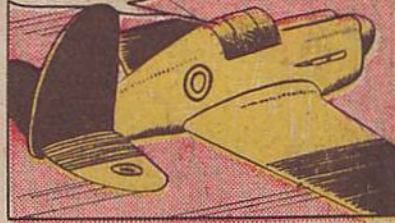


WE HAVE NO TIME FOR ACTS OF BRAVERY!

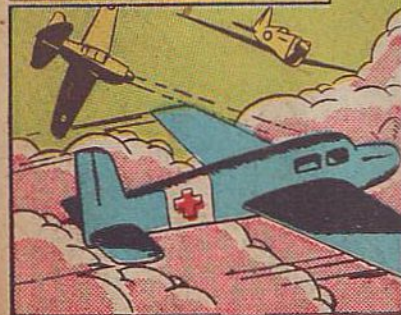


THE BOMB BURSTS, ATTRACTING EVERY ALERT R.A.F. ACE.

THE NAZIS MUST BE USING THAT RED CROSS SHIP AS A COVER-UP!



THE ENGLISH PLANES FIRE AT LEE'S SHIP, NOT KNOWING THAT THEY ARE ENDANGERING INNOCENT REFUGEES...



LEE COMES TO HER SENSES AND REALIZES THE SITUATION IN A FLASH...



I WILL STOP THESE PIGS! MY LIFE DOES NOT MATTER, BUT YOURS DOES!



THE OLD MAN TAKES A HEAVY JAR FROM HIS BELONGINGS AND FLINGS IT AT ONE OF THE AGENTS.



THE OTHER AGENT TURNS AROUND WITH A STARTLED OATH.



IGNORING THE GUNFIRE, THE AGED FRENCHMAN STAGGERS FORWARD...



LEE, IN THE CONFUSION, HAS ACQUIRED THE FALLEN NAZI GUN.



BUT THE NAZI IS TOO QUICK, HE GRABS A HIGHLY EXPLOSIVE BOMB.



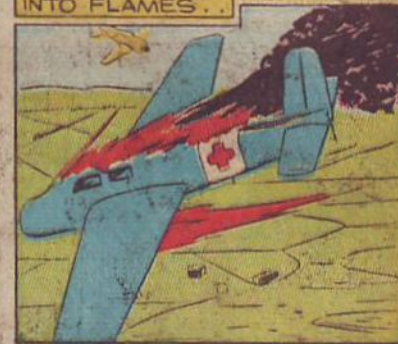
WELL, NOW THAT MY GUNS GONE THERE'S NOT MUCH I CAN DO... GUESS I MUFFED IT!



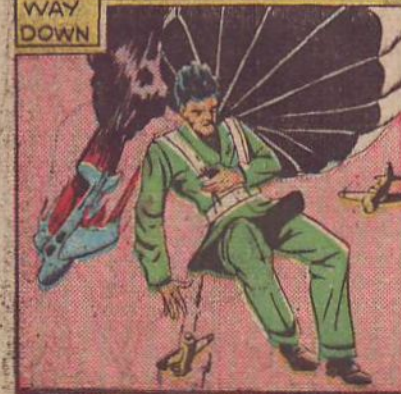
R.A.F. MACHINE GUNS CONTINUE TO SPRAY THE RED CROSS SHIP.



FINALLY BULLETS PIERCE THE FUSELAGE... THE SHIP BURSTS INTO FLAMES...



AS THE SPY BAILS OUT, R.A.F. PILOTS PICK HIM OFF ON THE WAY DOWN.



MEANWHILE LEE GAINS THE CONTROLS.



CLOSER AND CLOSER TO THE
GROUND ROARS THE FLAMING
SHIP.



BUT LEE BRINGS IT DOWN
SAFELY AND IT GLIDES
SMOOTHLY TO A HALT.



NOW TO GET THESE PEOPLE
OUT THE DOOR...IT'S...
JAMMED..WON'T OPEN!



THE OLD FRENCHMAN REVIVES.



THERE'S ONE
MORE CHANCE
TO SAVE US!

BRAVING HUGE FLAMES, THE
GALLANT MAN CRASHES
THROUGH A WINDOW...



AND OPENS THE DOOR FROM
THE OUTSIDE...



NOW, I DIE HAPPY!
I HAVE SAVED
MY PEOPLE!

ONE BY ONE LEE REMOVES THE
WOUNDED FROM THE FLAMING
CRAFT



R.A.F. PILOTS LAND AND RUSH
TO THE SCENE...



YOU'RE MISS PRESTON.. ARE
YOU NOT? WHY DID YOUR
SHIP DROP THOSE BOMBS?
WE THOUGHT YOU MUST BE
AN ENEMY!



NAZI
AGENTS CAPTURED
MY PLANE.. I'LL
EXPLAIN
LATER!

THE REFUGEES ARE TAKEN BY
AMBULANCE TO BASE HOSPITALS



POOR CREATURES,
I'M GLAD
THEY'RE SAFE!

AND NOW, MISS PRESTON, I
THINK YOU HAD BETTER LET
US ESCORT YOU BACK
TO PARIS!



THANK YOU, THE
FRENCH PEOPLE
NEED ALL THE
HELP THEY
CAN GET!



QUOTH ^{the} RAVEN ^{BY} LARRY SPAIN



"Blast their souls, I'll make 'em pay! I'll drain every drop of yellow blood from their veins!"

Old Gaunt shook a talon-like finger at the huge, scraggy raven perched on a bar above his desk. The bird ruffled the few feathers that adorned his neck and replied, in a croaking guttural, "Aye, blast their souls!"

Old Gaunt grinned evilly as he regarded the one animate thing he had loved for nearly fifty years. Mike, the ancient raven, repeated the single phrase his limited vocabulary boasted. He had learned it from his master through a half century of hearing it blar from the old miser's thin lips a dozen times a day.

There was a marked resemblance between Mike and Old Gaunt. The same scraggy neck, the bobbing, bald head, the hooked nose. And Old Gaunt's beady eyes were even more rapacious than the vulture optics of his croaking friend. Given his choice, anyone dying in the desert would have preferred a dozen Mikes circling over his expiring body to a single Old Gaunt.

Heaven be praised, he has gone to his just deserts long since, as has his only friend, Mike. And it is in the weird manner of their passing that much of our story is concerned. Poe never devised a more spectacular ending.

Who was Old Gaunt? Had you ever passed through the village of Gauntville, that smoke-shrouded, sickness-laden community on the edge of Gorwilla Moor, you'd have heard all about Old Gaunt.

Over the door of the single bank was the legend, Josiah L. Gaunt, Pres. Gaunt owned every house and store in the village, including the half dozen woolen mills where every able-bodied resident slaved his life away.

It was in this unholy community that Eric Vale, young American adventurer, found himself one dismal September day. Eric looked around as he alighted from the creaky, outmoded bus. He had a mission, one of mercy. He had performed many in his few years of colorful experience. He knew Old Gaunt only from reputation—a miser who held some two thousand human pawns in the hollow of his greedy hand.

"Lookin' fer a hack, mister?"

An emaciated, undersized youth stood in front of Eric: a dirty cap in his hand, a look of half entreaty, half defiance in his narrow eyes.

"Why, yes," Eric replied. "Can you take me to Josiah Gaunt's office?"

The urchin laughed bitterly. "Can I? Sure. I work for him. Everybody around here does."

It was a short ride. Eric alighted in front of an old stone house, ivy festooned and almost hidden behind an unkempt hedge of yew.

Old Gaunt himself opened the door at his knock. "What do you want?" he rasped.

"A few words with you, Mr. Gaunt—in private."

The old miser scowled. "Come in—but I warn you, young feller, make it short."

My time's valuable." He led the way into a littered office, the furnishings of which bespoke a half century of hard usage.

"Blast their souls!"

Eric Vale's glance darted to the old raven perched on the bar above his master's desk.

"Nice friendly chap, isn't he?"

"Friendship is as friendship does," growled Old Gaunt. "Mike knows what he's about. I trust you know as much."

Old Gaunt dropped into his chair without inviting his guest to do likewise. "Get on with it," he barked.

"I won't take up much of your time," Eric told him. "My firm has sent me here to make you an offer for your mills. Now, if—"

"I'm not interested," snapped Old Gaunt. "They're mine. I'm keeping them. You go back and tell your meddling people I won't sell, blast their souls!"

"Aye, blast their souls!" mimicked the raven, ruffling his scant neck feathers. "Blast their souls!"

Further argument was unavailing. Eric saw that. He left the house with a tight prickling sensation in his scalp.

A telegram was waiting for him when he arrived at his hotel—the Gauntville Hotel it was. The message was brief, from Carlson, his employer. It urged a quick deal for Gaunt's mills even if it necessitated doubling the offer.

Eric smiled. How ironic! Why, Old Gaunt wouldn't sell out for triple the price. But he had to sell! And Eric must see to it that he did.

The next day Eric spent in a tour of the mills. He learned much about Gaunt and his feudal one-man monarchy. What he learned made him shudder. Gauntville was a veritable devil's island, its citizens living a zombie-like existence without hope. Well—all this had to be changed.

Eric had two visitors that evening, at

STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, CIRCULATION, ETC., REQUIRED BY THE ACTS OF CONGRESS OF AUG. 24, 1912, AND MARCH 3, 1933, OF CRACK COMICS, published monthly, at Cleveland, Ohio, for Oct. 1, 1940
State of Connecticut { ss.
County of Fairfield

Before me, a notary public in and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared Everett M. Arnold, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the Business Manager of the CRACK COMICS and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management (and if a daily paper, the circulation), etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, as amended by the Act of March 3, 1933, embodied in section 537, Postal Laws and Regulations, printed on the reverse of this form, to wit:

1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business managers are: Publisher, Comic Magazines, Inc., 322 Main Street, Stamford, Conn.; Editor, Edward Cronin, 322 Main Street, Stamford, Conn.; Managing Editor, none; Business Manager, Everett M. Arnold, 198 Shore Road, Old Greenwich, Conn.

2. That the owner is: (If owned by a corporation, its name and address must be stated and also immediately thereunder the names and addresses of stockholders owning or holding one per cent or more of total amount of stock. If not owned by a corporation, the names and addresses of the individual owners must be given. If owned by a firm, company, or other unincorporated concern, its name and address, as well as those of each individual member, must be given.) Comic Magazines, Inc., 322 Main Street, Stamford, Conn.; Claire C. Arnold, 198 Shore Road, Old Greenwich, Conn.; Everett M. Arnold, 198 Shore Road, Old Greenwich, Conn.; Fred A. Little, 4006 Grand Avenue, Des Moines, Iowa; Henry P. Martin, Jr., 6 Foster Drive, Des Moines, Iowa.

3. That the known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding 1 per cent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are: (If there are none, so state.) None.

4. That the two paragraphs next above, giving the names of the owners, stockholders, and security holders, if any, contain not only the list of stockholders and security holders as they appear upon the books of the company but also, in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting, is given; and also that the said two paragraphs contain statements embracing affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner; and this affiant has no reason to believe that any other person, association, or corporation has any interest direct or indirect in the said stock, bonds, or other securities than as so stated by him.

5. That the average number of copies of each issue of this publication sold or distributed, through the mails or otherwise, to paid subscribers during the twelve months preceding the date shown above is (This information is required from daily publications only.)

EVERETT M. ARNOLD, Business Manager.

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 12th day of September, 1940.

LOUIS J. KURIANSKY, Notary Public (My commission expires February 1, 1944.)

different intervals. The first was Mayor Goetz, whose visit consisted of a polite, but pointed, warning to lay off trying to buy Old Gaunt's mills. Or else—

"Is this a threat, Mr. Goetz?" Eric asked.

"Take it any way you want," snapped the mayor, "but take it!"

When he had gone, Eric smiled again. Old Gaunt's "man," of course. All the officials were.

His next visitor was a mill foreman. He was a pasty-faced, overworked individual with fear, defeat, hate in his features.

"Praise heaven, someone has come to liberate us!" he gasped. "Oh, please, Mr. Vale, do something. Buy those mills. Burn them down! But in heaven's name let us leave this place!"

"Is it really that bad, my good chap?" Eric said.

"That bad? Mister, you don't know. Nobody on the outside does. He's a fiend—a murderer! He—"

"Why don't you leave?"

"Some have tried it," the foreman stated wearily. "None got far. Gaunt has spies everywhere. We are always kept in debt to him—he sees to that. No, we can't get away. Not unless—unless—"

"I understand," said Eric quietly. "I'll do all I can."

Eric made one more visit to Old Gaunt's office and came away convinced that the old miser wouldn't sell for any price. He was in a quandary. Then he thought of a scheme. Psychology, that

was it! Sometimes it worked. That night he visited Old Gaunt's office again. This time he entered like a common thief, fulfilled his mission quickly, and departed noiselessly.

Carlson, his employer, arrived the next morning. He was angry. He demanded to know what progress Eric had made.

"Very little, actually," Eric told him. "But I have a plan. Care to drive out and interview Old Gaunt, Mr. Carlson? I think you should talk to him without me."

This arrangement suited Carlson, so Eric drove him to the old stone house shortly after noon.

"I'll be waiting around," Eric said, as Carlson went in the gate.

Carlson's interview began as had Eric's—badly.

"I tell you I won't sell!" screamed the old man. "I don't care what you offer. Now get out, blast your soul!"

"Aye, blast your soul!" croaked the raven. "Blast your soul, Old Gaunt!" The bird's throaty guttural rose to a shrill cackle. "Sell out, I tell you, Gaunt, sell out, or I'll haunt you to your grave!"

Old Gaunt fell back into his chair, his face gone deathly white, his lips moving in cold fear.

"You!" he gasped. "You—Mike—telling me this!"

Carlson, too, was beside himself, terrified. He had witnessed something that mortal man had never before seen. He stumbled out of the house, but had

presence of mind enough to pick up the contract Old Gaunt had signed, selling the mills.

Eric grinned at him as he reached the gate. "Well, how'd you come out?"

Sweat beaded Carlson's forehead. "Maybe I'm crazy, Vale. But I tell you I've heard things—"

Eric couldn't hold back his laughter any longer.

"It was all a joke, Mr. Carlson," he explained. "You see, it was not the raven talking at all; it was I. I had a small microphone hidden on Mike's perch. I talked from an adjoining room. Seems like the stunt worked, eh?"

This should be the end of our story, but it isn't—quite. Under the new mill ownership Gauntville quickly blossomed into a thriving, happy community. Old Gaunt died soon after selling out. He died in the flames of his house. It is said that Mike, the raven, flew into an oil lamp left burning one night, and the old miser perished in bed. Those who witnessed the fire swear that as the ancient house collapsed, the raven, screaming "Blast your soul!" flew from the ruins, his feathers ablaze, and fell dead in the yard.

~ READ ~
Television Turnabout
IN THE FEBRUARY ISSUE OF
CRACK COMICS
ON SALE DECEMBER 27TH

OH, BOY—LOOK AT MY NEW COLUMBIA!

IT'S EVERYTHING A BOY WANTS IN A BIKE



What a marvelous bicycle this new Columbia is! Looks like a motorcycle, with flashing speed and rugged endurance in every curve of its husky frame. Look at its streamlined tank; its deeper, wider fenders, sturdy frame, gleaming white side-wall tires, those knockout colors! It's got what it takes for real he-man service and rides the road like a racer. Take your Dad to the Columbia dealer today. He knows how good Columbias are. Had one when he was a boy, we'll bet ... because Columbias were America's most popular bike then, as they are now. Write today for Booklet B—"How to Care for Your Bike."



THE WESTFIELD MANUFACTURING CO.,
WESTFIELD, MASSACHUSETTS

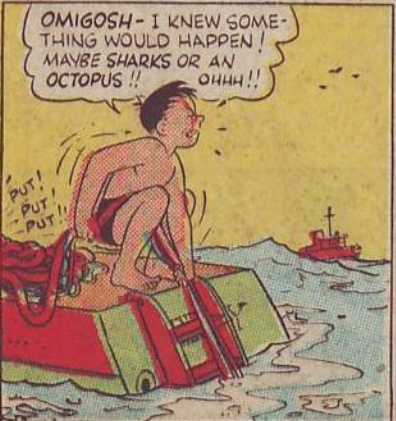
Look for this name plate on a Genuine Columbia—
the best known name in bicycles

Columbia

AMERICA'S
FIRST BICYCLE

FIRST IN 1877 · FIRST IN 1940

SNAPPY



WIZARD WELLS

Miracle Man of Science

by
HARRY FRANCIS
CAMPBELL

HIS GROWING FAME
AS A CRIME EXPERT
BRINGS WIZARD
WELLS MANY CHANCES
TO USE HIS COURAGE
AND SCIENCE IN
FIGHTING FOR THE
CAUSE OF LAW AND
ORDER

T.N.T.
TROUSERS
TRAP

EXCEPT FOR TOLAN'S, THE
BOSS HAS THE LAUNDRY
RACKET SEWED UP, ALL OF IT!

ALL OF IT? LOOK
AT THAT! I
GOT AN IDEA!



3 MINUTES LATER, UP IN
ONE OF THE TENEMENTS.

FROM NOW ON DAT WASH
GOES TO DE LAUNDRY, SEE!

BUT I CAN'T
AFFORD -

OH YES
YOU CAN!



THIS OUGHT TO CHANGE
THEIR MINDS!



AND-AN HOUR LATER-

NEXT DAY IN WELLS' LABORATORY

MR. WELLS SIR, THERE'S A
SHIRT MISSING. SOME
RACKETEERS CUT DOWN MY
LINE TO MAKE ME SEND THE
WASH TO THE LAUNDRY!

THAT'S TOO
BAD, MRS.
MURRAY!



MAYBE I CAN'T DO YOUR
WASH ANYMORE -

YOU'LL DO MY
WASHING. I'LL
SEE WHAT
CAN BE DONE
TO THE
THUGS!



TUG, WE ARE GOING TO
CALL ON THE LAUNDRIES!



SO, WE'RE
TAKIN' ON
THE
LAUNDRY
CASE,
WIZ!

INSIDE THE ACME LAUNDRY

OF COURSE I'M PAYING OFF
TO THE RACKETEERS. EVERY
LAUNDRY EXCEPT TOLAN'S
IS, AND IT'S WRECKING US
ALL, WELLS!



TEN MINUTES LATER-

SORRY, MR. WELLS, MR. TOLAN
WON'T SEE YOU.

IT'S HIS
LOSS, BUT
I WONDER
WHY?



LISTEN, MUG, NATAS AIN'T
SEEIN' YOU! SCRAM!

I DO NOT
LIKE---



LATER, AT NATAS' LAUNDRY

-BEING PUSHED
AROUND! I'M SEEING
NATAS!



I'LL GIVE YOU \$10,000 TO
BREAK UP THIS RACKET, WELLS!
SORRY ABOUT MY OVERLY-
OFFICIOUS BODYGUARD!

I'LL SEE
WHAT CAN
BE DONE,
NATAS!

TEN MINUTES
LATER.

THAT NIGHT - A PHONE CALL

YES, TOLAN, THIS IS WELLS
SPEAKING.

WELLS, I WAS AFRAID TO
SEE YOU TODAY, THOSE
RACKETEERS ARE WATCHING
ME, BUT I'M SURE A LAUNDRY
OWNER IS BEHIND THIS
RACKET, AND I BELIEVE IT IS -

BANG!

HE'S SHOT!
I WAS AFRAID
OF THAT!

NEXT MORNING, THE HOSPITAL
WHERE TOLAN LIES WOUNDED

SORRY, MR WELLS! MR TOLAN
HAS NOT YET RECOVERED
CONSCIOUSNESS.

THEN HE
CAN'T HELP

TUG, I'M GOING TO FORCE
THIS FIEND INTO THE OPEN!
I'M GOING TO MAKE HIM
COME AFTER ME!

THAT'S
RISKY, WIZ!

AND TO EACH LAUNDRY OWNER
WELLS TELEPHONES THE SAME
MESSAGE.

I KNOW WHO THE HEAD OF
THE LAUNDRY RACKET IS. COME
AROUND TOMORROW
AFTERNOON AT 2 AND I'LL
GIVE YOU HIS NAME!

THERE MAY BE SOME ACTION
TONIGHT - IF AND WHEN OUR
RACKETEER COMES AFTER ME.
LET'S BUY SOME AMMUNITION
FOR OUR AUTOMATICS, TUG!

MEANWHILE

WELLS IS WISE. GET HIM
AND BRING HIM TO THE
HANGOUT BEFORE HE CAN
TALK.

OK, BOSS!

AS TUG AND WELLS
LEAVE WELLS'
LABORATORY.

GET
'EM!

DUMP 'EM IN THE
CAR AN' SCRAM!

AS TUG AND WELLS RECOVER
CONSCIOUSNESS...

AND THESE GERMS IN THE
TOLAN LAUNDRY BUNDLES WILL
FINISH 'EM! THEY'LL LEARN NOT
TO BUCK TH' BOSS.

A DASTARDLY
PLOT...

OF COURSE, SOME OF THE
CUSTOMERS WILL DIE, BUT
DAT'S JUST TOO BAD—TOO
BAD!

OUR GUYS PUT ON DESE
HERE **WHITE COATS** AN'
LOOK JUST LIKE LAUNDRY
MEN!

OH!
MY HEAD!

PIPE DOWN!
HE'S COMIN'
TO!

WHAT DIFFERENCE WILL
IT MAKE? THEY'LL BE IN
DIS LAB WHEN WE **BLOW**
IT UP, AFTER THE BOSS
TALKS TO WELLS.

SAY, DID
YOU PHONE
THE BOSS?

NO, WE BETTER DO IT
NOW! LOCK 'EM
IN!

AND, WHILE
THEY DO—

QUICK, TUG, GET ME THAT
CHLORATE OF POTASH! WITH
THIS PHOSPHOROUS AND
SOME WATER—

—I'LL PREPARE A **WARM**
RECEPTION, **EUROPEAN**
WAR STYLE! NOW, GET ME
THAT **SULPHUR**!

YOU GONE
BATTY, WIZ?

HURRY, HELP ME SMEAR
THIS ON THOSE **WHITE**
COATS! WHEN IT DRIES—

NOW, IF I CAN GET THIS
SLING-SHOT FINISHED
BEFORE THOSE THUGS GET
BACK...

AN HOUR LATER...

PUT ON THOSE **WHITE**
COATS, WE LEAVE AS SOON
AS THE BOSS TALKS TO
WELLS!

HEY! MY COAT IS
DAMP!

SO'S
MINE!

HE SAID, PUT ON
THOSE COATS.

HERE'S THE
BOSS!

AH, WELLS!



THE TEN MINUTES IS ALMOST UP! HURRY!

I'M NOT LOAFING, WIZ!

ONE-HALF MINUTE LATER ----

BOOM!

THAT SOUNDED LIKE A HALF TON OF T.N.T. NOW, BACK TO MY LAB, TUG!

JACK, REMEMBER HOW I CAUGHT MORDA FOR YOU? WELL, AS THE D.A., YOU MIGHT LIKE THE HEAD OF THE LAUNDRY RACKET... FINE, SHOW UP HERE AROUND 2 P.M. WITH SOME OFFICERS.

TUG, REMIND ALL THOSE LAUNDRY OWNERS TO BE HERE AT 2 FOR THE FINAL ACT OF THIS DRAMA, AND INSTALL THAT NEW LIGHT!

O.K., WIZ!

GENTLEMEN, ONE OF YOU IS THE SCOUNDREL BEHIND THE LAUNDRY RACKET. BUT, HE IS A MARKED MAN! LIGHTS, TUG!!! TURN ON THAT ULTRA-VIOLET LAMP!

AND SHORTLY AFTER 2 THAT AFTERNOON

THOSE HANDS! I GOT HIM!

THE LIGHTS GO OUT--

AND WHEN THEY COME ON--

NATAS! SO IT WAS YOU!

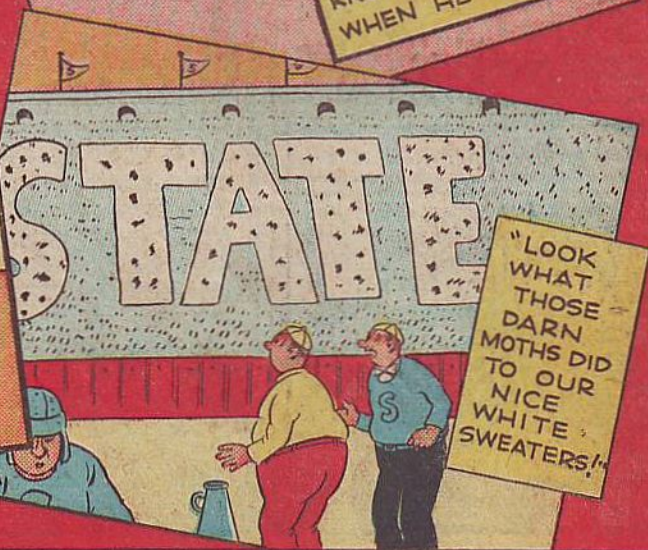
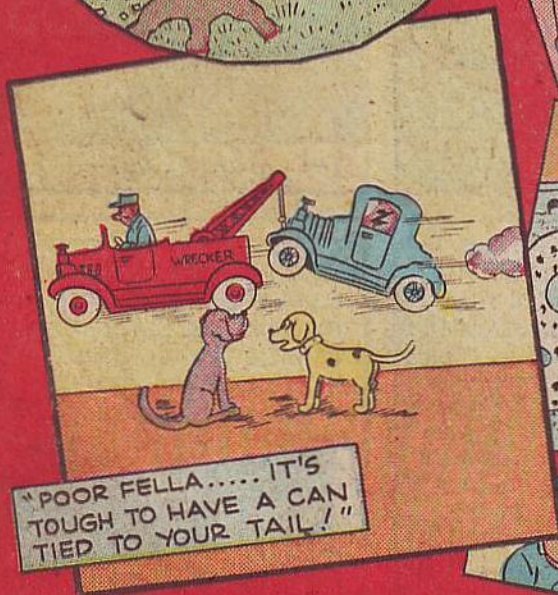
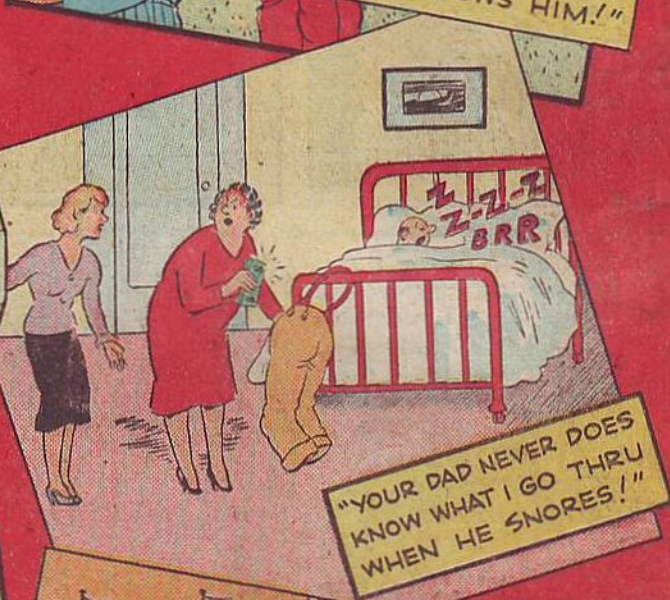
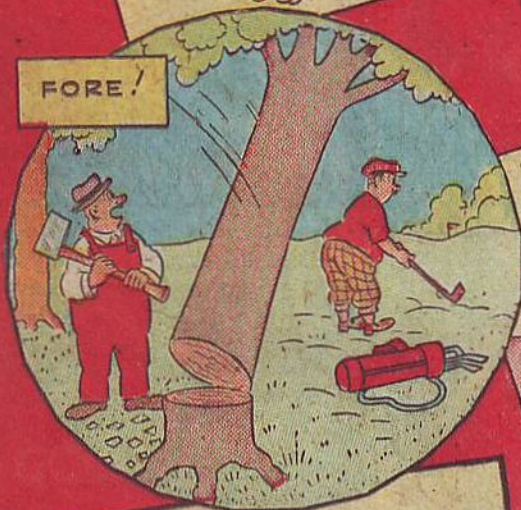
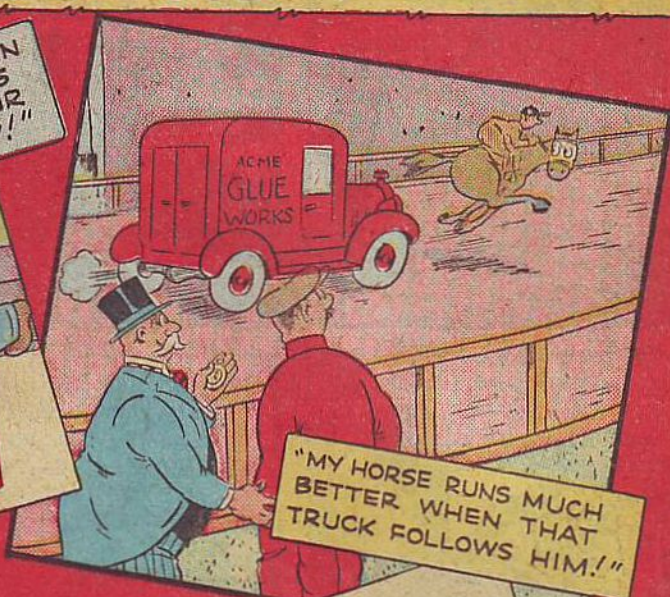
I GUESS YOU'VE GOT ME, WELLS!

NATAS CONFESSED HE WAS THE BOSS OF THE LAUNDRY RACKET. BUT WHAT IS THIS STUFF ABOUT EXPLODING COATS AND LUMINOUS HANDS, WIZ?

WELL, JACK-- I MADE A KIND OF GUN COTTON OF THOSE COATS--

"AND IT'S 'TOUCHY' ENOUGH TO EXPLODE BY IMPACT. THE SLING-SHOT SET 'EM OFF, BUT THE MIXTURE SOAKED INTO THOSE COATS CONTAINED PHOSPHOROUS, WHICH GLOWS IN BLACK LIGHT. I SPATTERED IT ON THE MASKED MAN'S HANDS! AND NATAS' HANDS GLOWED THIS AFTERNOON!"

OFF THE RECORD *By ED REED,*



The

ELOEK

ALWAYS DRIFTING THROUGH THE BY-WAYS OF GANGLAND IS THE SLEEK FIGURE OF THE CLOCK- TIME AND AGAIN SEEMINGLY IMPOSSIBLE CRIME RIDDLES MELT BEFORE HIS MASTERFUL STROKE. AND NOW WITH HIS COLORFUL ASSISTANT, DUG BRADY HE COMES TO GRIPS WITH THE VICIOUS SCREW GANG -

by
GEORGE E. BRENNER

DAILY MAIL
STOREKEEPERS PLEAD FOR PROTECTION AGAINST SHAKE-DOWN RACKETS.

MYSTERY MOB KNOWN ONLY AS "SCREW GANG" TERRORIZES SMALL SHOPS.

POLICE BAFFLED AS CHAMBER OF COMMERCE DEMANDS ACTION.

AND IN THE SCREW GANG'S HIDE-OUT.....

ANY OF YOU GUYS KNOW WHY TH' SCREW CALLED THIS MEETIN'?

NOT ME, HERE HE COMES!

NO!

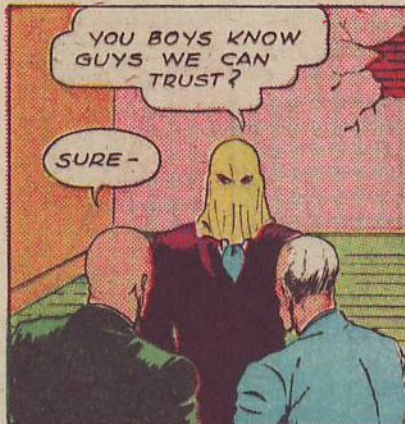
HELLO, CHIEF!

HELLO, BOYS- YOU SEEN TH' PAPERS?

WELL, TH' WAY EVERYONE'S YELLIN' FOR OUR HIDES, TH' POLICE WON'T LET DOWN TILL THEYVE PUT US ALL IN TH' COOLER - AN' I HAVE AN IDEA!

SOME OF YOU GUYS ARE GOING TO LAY LOW FOR AWHILE AN' WE'LL GET NEW MEN TO TAKE YOUR PLACES - THAT'S JUST IN CASE YOUR FACES GET TOO WELL KNOWN MAKIN' TH' ROUNDS!

THAT'S A GOOD IDEA!



YOU BOYS KNOW GUYS WE CAN TRUST?

SURE-



BULL RICHY AIN'T NEVER WORKED THIS PART OF THE COUNTRY- HE'S PLENTY TOUGH TOO!



GOOD! HAVE HIM REPORT AS SOON AS POSSIBLE, I'LL HAVE HIM SOME NEW "CUSTOMERS" TO WORK ON WHEN I RETURN!

MEANWHILE
IN THE HOME
OF BRIAN O'BRIEN,
**THE
CLOCK...**
HE TALKS
WITH
PUG BRADY-



PUG, IF THIS GANG OF LEECHES CONTINUE, EVERY PROPRIETOR IN TOWN WILL BE PAYING OUT HIS SMALL PROFITS TO THEM... **WE'VE GOT TO STOP IT!**

SURE, BUT HOW?



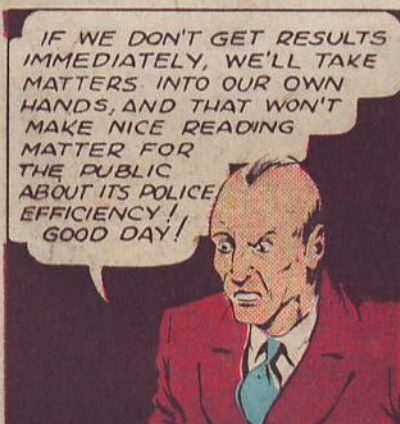
I WANT YOU TO COMPILE A LIST OF EVERY MAN WHO WAS TERRORIZED BY THESE MONGERS AND FIND OUT ALL YOU CAN!

AT THE SAME TIME DAVID GRATTEN, HEAD OF THE CHAMBER OF COMMERCE, CONFERS WITH CAPTAIN KANE IN POLICE HEADQUARTERS-



WE'RE DOING EVERYTHING WE CAN, MR. GRATTEN!

THAT'S NOT ENOUGH-



IF WE DON'T GET RESULTS IMMEDIATELY, WE'LL TAKE MATTERS INTO OUR OWN HANDS, AND THAT WON'T MAKE NICE READING MATTER FOR THE PUBLIC ABOUT ITS POLICE EFFICIENCY! GOOD DAY!

LATER, IN THE GANG'S HIDE-OUT



OKAY, BULL, GO ON IN!



HELLO, BULL, HOW WOULD YOU LIKE TO PICK UP A LITTLE EXTRA MONEY?

HI'YA, CHIEF!



CHIEF, WHEN IT COMES TO PICKIN' UP DOUGH, I CAN STOOP AS LOW AS ANYBODY!

FINE, I THINK WE UNDERSTAND EACH OTHER!



I'VE ALREADY SENT A STUBBORN CLIENT HIS LAST WARNING, I WANT YOU TO COLLECT HIS DUES- **PUT THE SCREWS ON HIM!**

IN THE SHOP OF THE MAN
WHO REFUSES TO PAY--



MEANWHILE,
PUG HAS
RETURNED
WITH THE
DATA
HE WAS
SENT OUT
TO COLLECT--





TWO DAYS LATER THE CLOCK AND PUG PREPARE FOR THE GRAND OPENING OF THEIR STORE



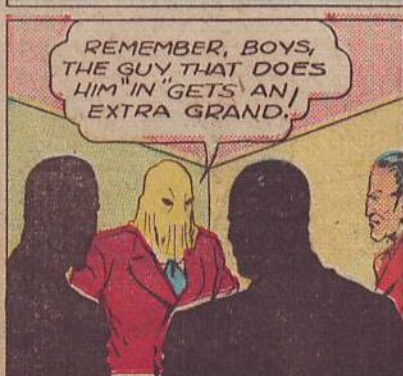


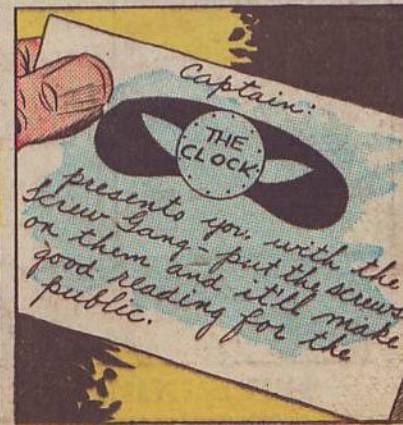
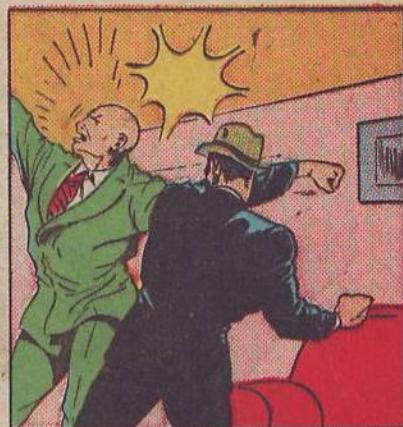


LATER, IN THE HOME OF THE SCREW GANG LEADER -



20 MINUTES LATER.....





I'll help you
Get a **DAISY** for

CHRISTMAS

Just send Red Ryder the coupon for your FREE — Red Ryder
CHRISTMAS REMINDER KIT enclosing 3c

stamp to help cover our handling-postage cost. Daisy's
COPYRIGHTED Christmas Reminder Kit contains printed
"messages" to be signed by you, pictures of Daisy
Air Rifles, complete directions. It's fun! Put "Rem-
inders" under milk bottles, in the mailbox, on
Dad's easy chair. They'll help you get a Daisy!

NOTICE!

If you don't get a Daisy for Christmas, for
read this ad AFTER Christmas! be sure
to buy a Daisy with the money you
get for gift for Christmas! Do NOT
send Coupon for Reminder Kit
after Dec. 15 — Use Coupon
after Dec. 15 to ask for Free
Daisy CATALOG only

Here's FRED HARMAN
famous cowboy artist
who draws SEAS, POPPERS,
RED RYDER COMIC
STRIP! Fred used to ride
broncos on his ranch near
Pecos Springs, Colorado.
His new 12-chapter movie
serial "Adventures of Red
Ryder" — produced by Re-
public Pictures — now on
the screen is thrilling!

See the
**Adventures
of RED RYDER**
by DON and BARRY
at your theater

Send Coupon
Below For Your

FREE
CHRISTMAS
Reminder
KIT

IT'S REALLY YOURS
for \$2.95
only



The New
**GOLDEN BANDED
1000-SHOT
RED RYDER
Saddle
CARBINE**

LICENSED BY STEPHEN BARTON INC. N.Y.

**The Popular 300 SHOT
LIGHTNING-LOADER CARBINE**

Price \$2.50

Double Barrel (1000 Shot)	\$8.00
30 Shot (1000 Shot)	\$4.50
20 Shot (1000 Shot)	\$3.50
10 Shot (1000 Shot)	\$2.25
500 Shot (1000 Shot)	\$1.95
Single Shot (1000 Shot)	\$1.50

USE DAISY BULLS EYE SHOT
5¢

Here's the BEST Christmas Gift to get —
this beautiful 1000-shot RED RYDER CAR-
BINE featuring: (1) Genuine Western Car-
bine Ring (2) 14-inch Leather Saddle Thong
Knotted to Ring (3) Golden-Banded Muzzle
(4) Golden Front Sight (5) Lightning-Loader
Invention — pour in 1000 shot in 20 seconds!
(6) Golden-Banded Fore-Piece (7) Carbine
Style Fore-Piece, Cocking Lever (8) Adjust-
able Double-Notch Rear Sight (9) RED RY-
DER'S Picture, Signature and Horse "Thunder"
Branded on Pistol-Grip stock. She's the most
realistic-looking! SADDLE CARBINE you ever
saw "Out West!" In fact "It's A DAISY!"
If you have the money now (or can get it)
buy your RED RYDER CARBINE at the nearest
hardware, sport goods or department store.
If they haven't it (or no Daisy Dealer is near
you) send us \$2.95 and we'll mail yours post-
paid. (Duty added in Canada). Rush COUPON,
3c stamp for Free Christmas
Reminder Kit!



RED RYDER (Care of DAISY MANUFACTURING CO.)
491 Union Street, Plymouth, Michigan, U.S.A.

Dear Red: I enclose 3c stamp for postage-handling expense. Please send me
Free, COPYRIGHTED Christmas Reminder Kit.

☐ Check here if you want Daisy Catalog also.

NAME _____
ST. & NO. _____
CITY _____ STATE _____

DAISY AIR RIFLES

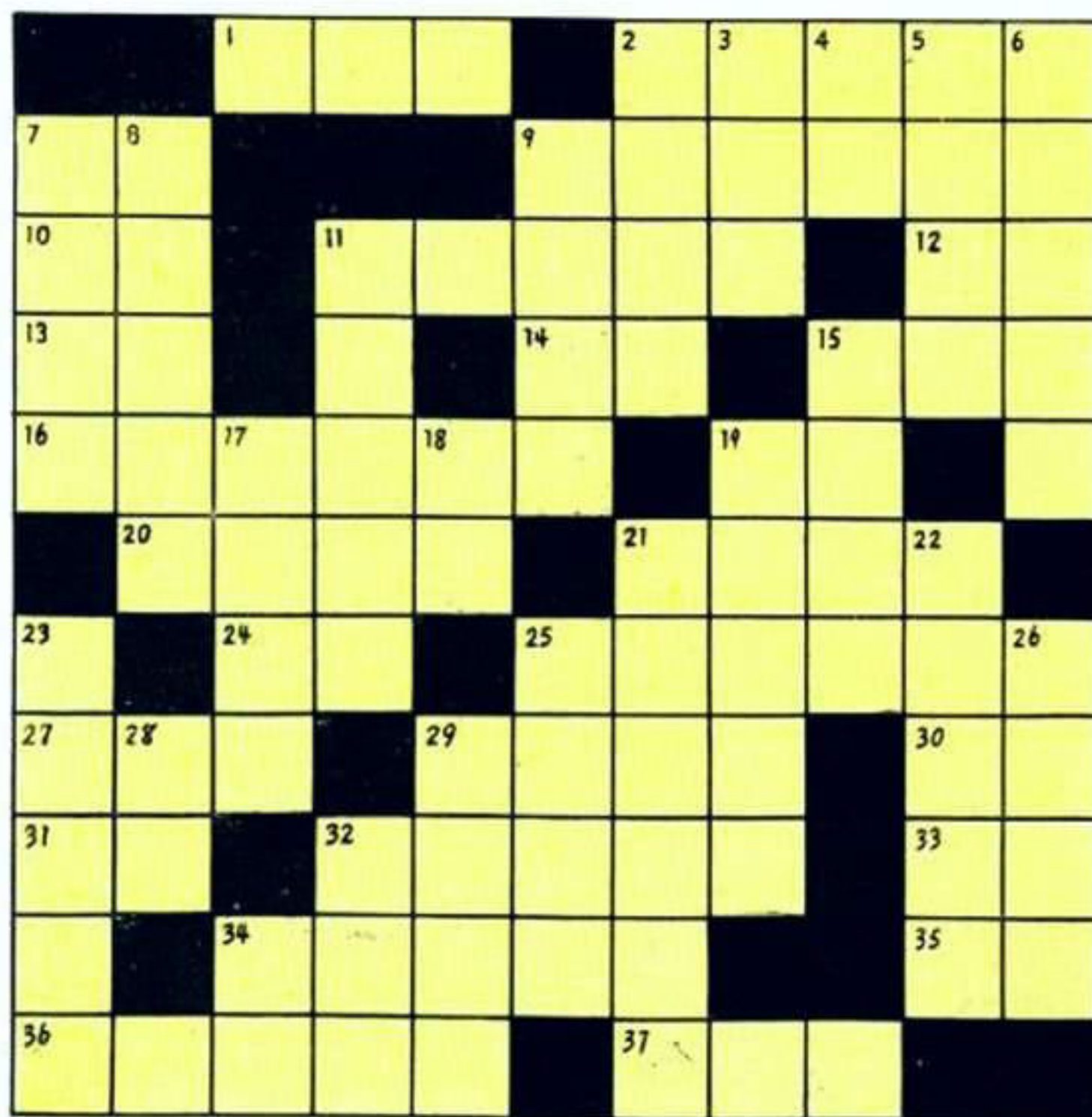
DAISY MANUFACTURING COMPANY, 491 UNION ST., PLYMOUTH, MICHIGAN, U. S. A.

Do this puzzle correctly and win a free pennant for your bike or room



WORDS READING ACROSS

1. The opposite of little—the kind of hub on a good coaster brake.
2. What telephone wires are held up by.
7. Abbreviation for Louisiana.
9. The bicycle coaster brake that's been famous for 40 years.
10. French or Latin for "and" (ask your big brother or sister).
11. The most important part of a bike (ask your mother or dad!).
12. What you want a bike to do (and how!).
13. The nickname of a boy named Albert.
14. You and I.
15. An automobile.
16. How you travel when the path is clear and you've the world's best brake.
19. A common title for Father.
20. A cabin without some of its walls.
21. Opposite of whole—a portion.
24. Little word usually used with "either".
25. Greatest builder of automobile brakes, also world's best bike coaster brake.
27. The word poets sometimes use, meaning the opposite of "close".
29. The green "outsides" that peas grow in.
30. Prefix meaning "formerly", used when speaking of a man who used to be president or governor or champion.
31. First-person-singular of verb "to be".
32. To draw up troops in the order of battle or to dress impressively.
33. The two letters at the beginning of a doctor's prescription blank.
34. Wicker basket carried by fishermen.
35. Spanish word for "yes"—first word of the chorus of "Penny Serenade".
36. Delicious.
37. Any boy.

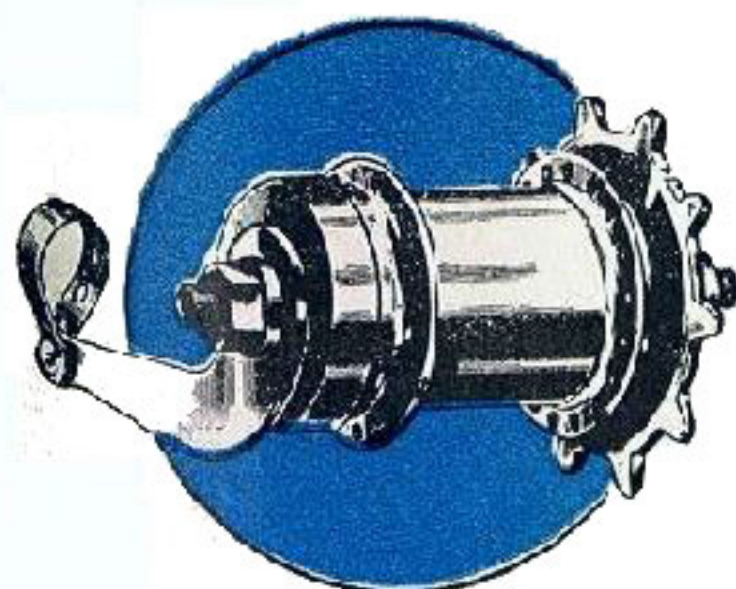


WORDS READING DOWN

2. To jab or prod with a stick.
3. Rock or earth with metal in it, as it is dug from a mine.
4. What your father writes after his name, if you are named after him.
5. Mantle or cloak Roman senators used to wear. (See big brother or sister again.)
6. Soldier's weapon not much used now.
7. The part of a tree that usually falls off in Autumn.
8. Big book of maps—also the giant of Greek mythology supposed to have held up the world on his shoulders.
9. Last half of the name of a famous college for women.
11. A dog that seizes you with its teeth.
15. A piece of pasteboard.
17. Footwear—also a bronze part of the world's best bicycle coaster brake.
18. A nickname for a boy named Edward.
19. A flower—also slang for "sissy".
21. There's a pair of these on every bicycle—push back on them and you will stop quickly with the world's best coaster brake.
22. Rows of things, like seats in a stadium or packages on shelves.
23. What you do when you stop pedaling your bike—and do it longer with the world's best brake.
25. What you do with a drill—also what people who talk too much do to you.
26. Roman numerals (Remember—IVXLCDM?) which tell you the number of ball bearings in the world's best coaster brake—more than any other.
28. Abbreviation for afternoon.
29. Any animal seized by another for food.
32. Good pictures, statues or music—also a boy's nickname.
34. Abbreviation for Christian Science.

FILL in the correct words neatly and send this puzzle in to us for your **FREE** bicycle pennant—makes your bike look snappy—looks fine on the wall of your room too. And when you get a new bike, remember to make sure it has the world's finest coaster brake—the famous one that's named in the puzzle. Address—

ECLIPSE MACHINE DIVISION
BENDIX AVIATION CORPORATION Elmira, New York



Be the Winner on Every Hill

with

Flexible Flyer

SLEDS and SKIS



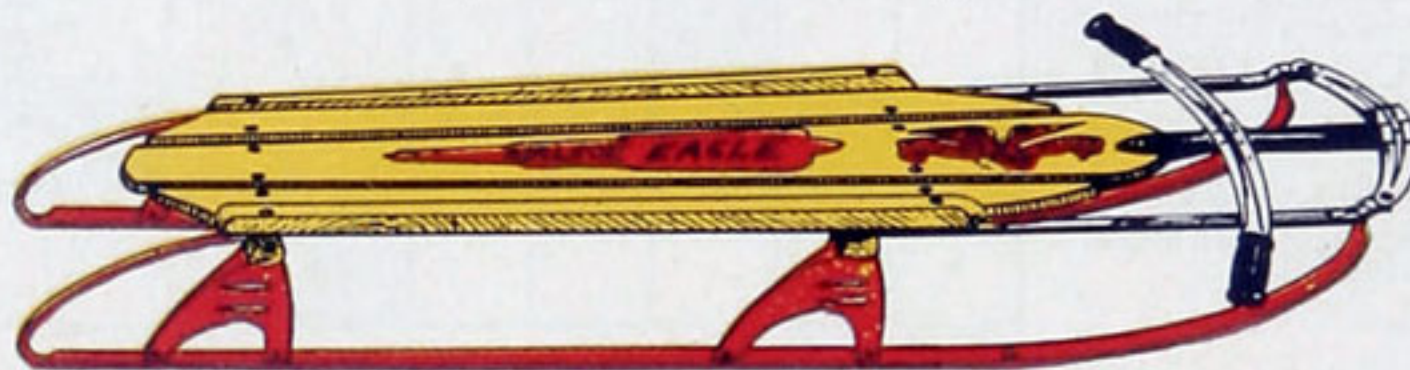
If you want to be the envy of all your friends, just show up on your favorite hill with a Flexible Flyer Sled—or Flexible Flyer Skis. Everybody knows they're the fastest things on snow. Ask Mother or Dad! They'll remember that Flexible Flyer was the leader in every race when they were your age.

Be Sure They Know IT'S *Flexible Flyer* that YOU WANT

Whether it's a sled or skis you want, be sure that everyone (including Santa Claus) knows that the kind you want most of all is Flexible Flyer. Flexible Flyer Sleds give you Super-Steering with twice the turning range of other sleds. Flexible Flyer's Safety-Airline runners do

away with sharp ends. They're extra safe and extra speedy.

When it comes to Skis—well—world famous skiers say they're "tops." Flexible Flyer Skis are made in every size from tiny "beginners" to professionals. Be sure to see them at your favorite store.



USE THE
COUPON

TOM DECIDES TO JOIN THE SURE SLEDDERS



USE THIS COUPON TO JOIN THE FLEXIBLE FLYER SURE SLEDDERS

Flexible Flyer

GET YOUR PIN FREE
NOTHING TO BUY



SLEDS and SKIS

S. L. ALLEN & CO., INC., 409 Glenwood Ave., Phila., Pa.

Gentlemen: Please send me my membership card and Sure Sledders Pin. I promise to keep the Sure Sledders Safety Rules.

My Name is _____

Address _____

City & State _____